

lives PUNK!

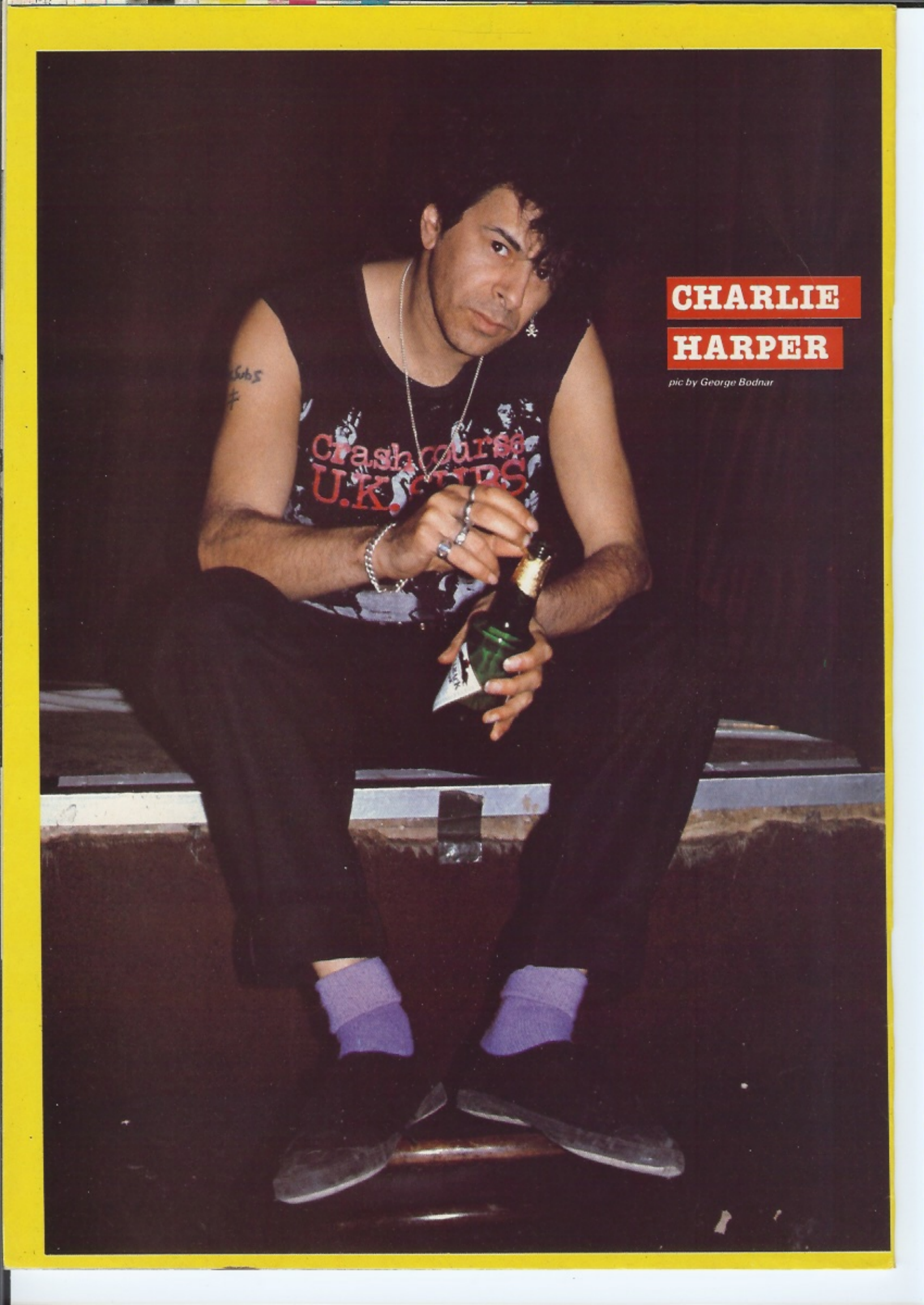
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PAGES
OF COLOUR

THE
MOB

999
MENSI
CHAOS UK
GYMSLIPS
ACTION PACT
THE DAMNED
URBAN DOGS
BRIGANDAGE
CHARLIE HARPER
ONE WAY SYSTEM
BLOOD AND ROSES
LOOK BACK IN ANGER
LORDS OF THE NEW CHURCH

Mark of The Mob. pic by Caroline McFale Marshall

A full-page photograph of Charlie Harper, a man with dark hair and a goatee, sitting on a concrete ledge. He is wearing a black tank top with a graphic that says "Crash course U.K. CLUBS", black pants, and purple socks. He is holding a green beer bottle with both hands, looking directly at the camera. He has a tattoo on his left arm and is wearing multiple rings and a chain necklace. The background is dark and out of focus.

CHARLIE

HARPER

pic by George Bodnar

URBAN DOGS

pic by George Bodnar



LOOK BACK IN ANGER

pic by Erica Eichenberg



DAY-TIME DAZZLERS

DR SYN talks to Look Back In Anger

THE VAN door opened and a brightly coloured mohican(ish) affair greeted me with a cheery shout. We were in business! Look Back In Anger, up to play in London (a welcoming development in their life) and all cramped in their hired van eating congealed muck from a takeaway. "Our breakfast" they cry defensively, outraging me to my very core. Breakfast at six in the evening! Lazy swines. Just got up and the day's almost at an end.

Well, well... and all that. Erica grabbed them, took photographs and then sent them hurtling back through Olde London Town to the pub where Joan and I sat waiting. Turned out (Jim's hair causing consternation) and into another pub. Tape recorder on and... HOLD IT!

Before we go any further let me just say that this band who hail, by and large, from Portsmouth have been around a while and have had one single released. Until they got a support with Sex Gang they were doomed to a south coast existence but now they make constant trips up to dazzle newcomers with their pristine songs. Well worth investigating.

I'll bill this as an evening's conversation with Look Back In Anger because they've this frightening knack of saying very little indeed to a question and making progress very slow at times. Pick at it, mooch through and see what you can see. Tell us about Portsmouth.

Jim: Emmm...

PL: Well, how many places are there to play?

One and we got a police escort out of that one.

Jim: We're not popular I'm afraid.

Mich: Well, we are popular, it's just that little minority.

Jim: Yeah but even so where can we play?

PL: Who's the little minority?

Mich: Oh this group... called The Tribe I think. I ended up getting punched in the eye anyway.

PL: Is this the most famous Look Back In Anger story?

This was my first gig. I was stunned, transported into a new world that evening. All this violence, I just couldn't work it out.

Mich: They were only five out of this really big crowd.

Pretty vociferous five though weren't they?

PL: Tell us the whole story. The DJ hit you?

Mich: They all think they're so cool. They're real poseurs, real jack the lads. How it started... he introduced us as 'Suck Back In Anger'. This is Suck Back In Anger and they're a load of crap. That's how he... and when we finished he said 'I apologise for that load of crap and now here's some decent music! Didn't he? So I went up to him and said 'You're out of order. Don't criticise us' and he said 'Why not?' I said 'Cos I said' and he said 'Oh yeah and who are you to say?'. I said 'Look just don't criticise us' and he said 'I've seen you before and you were crap then and you're a load of crap now. I got this pint of beer and chucked it over his head y'see. He turned round and thumped me in the eye. I was stunned!

PL: What about gigs outside Portsmouth?

Jim: Three people turned up to see us at Southampton... and we had to say, 'We're not playing tonight! Everybody is really into not having anything to do. Sort of, as opposed to going to the pub and having a conversation, going to see bands and shouting at each other.

It's all discos and if anyone organises anything it's just a one off thing. There's loads of middle-of-the-road places but if you try and do anything different, no matter how well you advertise it, there's just apathy.

PL: So how do you key yourself up for a gig?

You always hope the next one will be different... really brilliant.

Mich: I never look forward to it until it happens. Then I'm not disappointed.

Usually then I'm pleased. Like the Brixton Ace one the other night. If you look forward to something and it comes out really trash, well...

PL: Can you just play for yourselves if the gig's awful?

Don't really know yet, we haven't done that many gigs.

Jim: That one where we had the scrap we genuinely played for ourselves.

Mich: Yeah but I didn't enjoy it at all. I couldn't wait to get off.

PL: At least in London the majority of people will be interested to hear what you sound like. How far do you have to come from Portsmouth before you'll find a similar expectation?

Jim: Em... London!

PL: That attitude must be encouraging.

Mich: Especially The Ace. When we came offstage we were jumping around all over the place.

Gives you faith in what you're doing.

PL: Do you feel any resentment towards the bands getting all the coverage at the moment when you've all been going for a similar length of time (this question resulting from a discussion over the pros'-many-and-con's-few-of moving up to London)?

Mich: Yeah sometimes.

I think that's what inspires us to get up off our arses and go places. Keep plugging away and it'll come.

PL: Have any record companies shown interest?

Illuminated thought our songs were too complicated. We weren't straight down the line like the other bands they were signing.

Mich: Complicated? But Sex Gang are on their label!

PL: Weren't Charisma interested?

Jim: Yeah, don't know what happened to them.

PL: What label would you prefer?

Mich: I think Virgin would do me, EMI Jim: I don't know, it's like asking 'Do I like Greek food?'

The bass player reveals his past. I wanted to do something more demanding.

Jim: Wanted to get beaten up a few times.

I don't know what I'm doing. I'm still finding my feet.

What are you on about?

I used to play R&B.

Mich: What's R&B? Heavy Metal?

Started playing R&B.

Mich: WHAT'S R&B?

Rhythm and Blues.

Mich: Never heard of it!

Joan: That was the beginning of it all my girl!

PL: You're sick of Banshees comparisons?

Mich: Yeah. Some people say Toyah.

PL: Who says this?

Mich: Blokes with short hair, tattoos, know what I mean?

Didn't we hear that story about the

Meteors record. Then banned it because of what they did?

Mich: Yeah. There's this band called The Meteors. Who are they? Are they a local band?

(MASSSED LAUGHTER)

Mich: Well I don't know!

PL: They play R&B.

Mich: I didn't know who they were (THE LAUGHTER CONTINUES) Well anyway... shuttup! I'm shutting up now, I'm not saying another word. I'd never heard of them before!

Since our chat the band have released a cassette single, two tracks, 'Foxhunt' and 'Life's Dispute', enclosed in a flashy sleeve and costing £1.45 including postage. So buy one now.

MENSI

IT'S BEEN all quiet on the Mensi front but that's about to change. Thomas Mensforth and the Angelic Upstarts have a new album, 'Reason Why', out on April 29 on Anagram Records and, although Mensi seemed a little subdued than on previous meetings, he was still as vociferous as ever. Here, with a few — well, quite a lot — expletives deleted, is the story . . .

Has not selling records and fans not being able to afford to go to gigs depressed you?

Bloody hell, you wouldn't believe how depressed I get. Sometimes I get so unsettled, even though in this last year I've been to America twice and I've done things kids would give their right arm to do or even die to be in the business that I'm in. I look at myself in the mirror and I say: 'Mensi, what are you going to do when you stop doing all these things?' I didn't pack it in or surrender because of all those people that have tried to put us down. I'm still here and still a thorn in the side to certain people. I just keep trying.

Is it the industry that has tried to put you down?

I don't think it is the industry at all. I've been with two of the largest record companies in the world and I've never cracked it. But it's not down to them, it's down to me. I don't make pop music, I've got to be honest with myself. Both of the record companies have given us really strong backing, especially EMI. At one time they went overboard but I just don't make pop music or I haven't in the past. I've had my jibes at them but it's down to me really.

Do you see yourself changing to try and make pop music rather than just being a mouth?

I have done in the past, sung ballads and things but I'm not a very good singer. The band got a really bad name in the early days, things that were blown all out of proportion but things which have stuck with us. It was more by circumstance than because of the time. In the north they were looking for scapegoats to pick on, the same as they were with the Pistols down here. We were the Pistols of the North East and we got slagged off for my stance and for what I said against the police.

Did you think you stood a better chance coming to London?

I had to come to London. Sometimes I used to just sit in the house and cry, I got that much stick off the police it's unbelievable. I could sit here and tell you stories all night but when you try to tell ordinary people they think you are exaggerating. For the band's sake we had to come down here. The problem is most people think the country stops at Watford and some of the bands in the North East have got so much talent but they will never do anything in a million years.

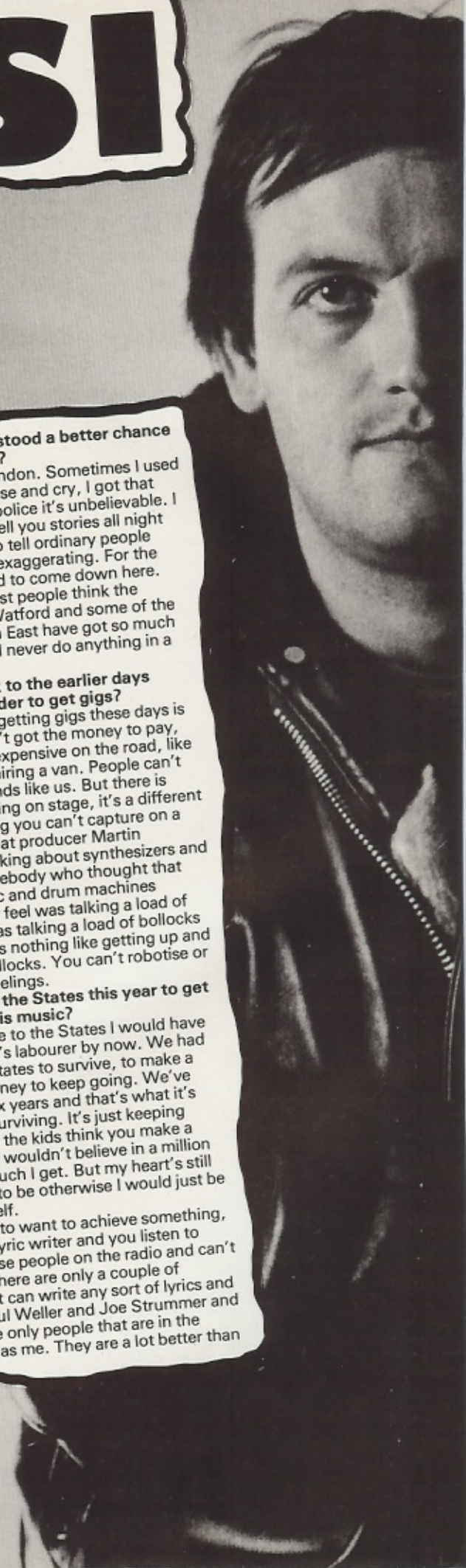
Has it gone back to the earlier days when it was harder to get gigs?

The trouble with getting gigs these days is the people haven't got the money to pay, everything is so expensive on the road, like hiring a PA and hiring a van. People can't afford to pay bands like us. But there is nothing like getting on stage, it's a different world, something you can't capture on a video. It's like that producer Martin Rushent was talking about synthesizers and saying that somebody who thought that electronic music and drum machines haven't got any feel was talking a load of bollocks. He was talking a load of bollocks because there is nothing like getting up and giving it the bollocks. You can't robotise or computerise feelings.

Did you go to the States this year to get away from this music?

If I hadn't gone to the States I would have been a builder's labourer by now. We had to go to the States to survive, to make a little bit of money to keep going. We've been going six years and that's what it's about now, surviving. It's just keeping alive. A lot of the kids think you make a fortune, they wouldn't believe in a million years how much I get. But my heart's still there, it has to be otherwise I would just be false to myself.

You have to want to achieve something, like I'm the lyric writer and you listen to some of these people on the radio and can't believe it. There are only a couple of geezers that can write any sort of lyrics and they are Paul Weller and Joe Strummer and they are the only people that are in the same class as me. They are a lot better than



Master of the mouth and just as handsome, the Angelic Upstarts vocalist still has a lot to say to Alf Martin

me but I would like to think I can write lyrics as good as them but not as popular, but they are the only blokes I think can write decent lyrics. It's the stigma that surrounds us, it's down to radio producers, they will play The Clash and people like that but not the Angelic Upstarts.

How will you get out of that?

Two words — Atlantic Ocean. We've got to cross it, go to the States and get some recognition over there, otherwise I'm not going to do it.

But Paul Weller hasn't made it in the States.

People groove to different things, they might like me a lot more. The fault with Paul Weller is that he is really English. I admire him and The Jam for not selling their asses to make it big in the States cos that's quite easy to do. Then I admire the Clash for breaking America. Good luck to them.

So what is your plan of action for the next six months?

It's back to the States and then I'd like to go to these underprivileged places like Poland, Yugoslavia, Rumania, Pakistan.

But would you like to make it big in this country first of all?

I'd like to make it. Full stop. A little hit single wouldn't come amiss. Our next album, 'Reason Why', is just as strong but more polished. Mond, our guitarist, has produced it with my direction. So we're having a shot at it ourselves to see what we can do. We can't do no worse. Even in the past we have had people say, 'doesn't it get you down about all the failures and record flops you've had', but I think to myself I've had five years of doing what I wanted to do and it's five years that I'll remember for the rest of my life.

If it doesn't work what will you do?

A builder's labourer. (Laughs) I'd like to be a policeman and then I could shop them all. I've been thinking about writing a book, sometimes I'm better at expressing myself in the written word.

Have a lot of the punk ideals been lost over the last year?

No, no, everything is still there because all the band are still there. You tell me how many pop bands that have had success over the years and you can count them on one hand but the punk bands haven't had that success but are still surviving and there are hundreds and hundreds of them. It's the music that is vastly ignored but it won't go away. It's because their situation won't go away.

It always comes back to politics.

Margaret Thatcher is the biggest fascist you can get apart from Hitler, some of her policies are unbelievable and the press are to blame just as much. Scumbags like The Sun and papers like that slag people off if you don't agree with what happened in the Falklands, I think that is terrible. We've got the highest unemployment and people are starting to rebel against it and now the police have more powers than the Gestapo had.

I'm not slagging of the police and saying they shouldn't defend themselves but why are these people rebelling? They are not

doing it because they are niggers, or white, or Jews, or Spics or they are not all criminals. It's the whole community, and if a whole community riots against the forces of good — the police — there must be something seriously wrong.

How do we get out of it?

If I knew the answers I would be a politician. I haven't got any easy answers, I know things are totally wrong and the direction we are heading is wrong, when you can go out and kill 300 or 400 people and 200 of your own, and that is what the television feeds you for the next year, about how good and glorious it is. To me that is terrible.

It's so depressing also having all these kids out of work. Nowadays I have to lock the door backstage after a gig because all these kids tell you about the situation they're in and it depresses me so much. People expect me to sing La La La and how happy it all is but I'm not going to pull the wool over their eyes and forget everything that's going on around me. I could never do that. Maybe that's why my music has never been as popular as it should have been because I won't pull the wool over their eyes, I write about real things, about life.

People say I shouldn't go on about the class system but the class system exists more in this country than any other country. I should have the same opportunities and the same schooling as Sir Galahad down the road. When I first went to school I was educated at a grammar school, they had four football pitches, two rugby pitches, chemistry and biology laboratories and all these wonderful facilities. But then I was expelled after two years and sent to a secondary school. They didn't even have a football pitch, we had to travel by bus to ours and we only had one biology-cum-science lab between the whole school and that is pathetic. How can you expect an ordinary kid to react the same way as a kid who is getting a hundred more chances. I'm not saying that every working class kid is clever but he deserves the same kind of chance, the same as everybody else.

So you're not going to soften you're approach?

Joe Strummer once said 'I don't hit them with hammers, I stick needles in their eyes'. I think that is the right approach, I live and learn and hopefully I am a bit more articulate with my lyrics instead of just steam-rolling in. As I get older I get wiser.

Well, Mensi is certainly a lot wiser but why can't other people listen. After the tape recorder ran out of space for any more of his words, he told me about a charity concert he offered to do to raise money for a woman police officer that had been shot and crippled. Mensi rang the people concerned and offered his services free. But those people, Labour councillors, laughed at him and said they wouldn't have him on the stage even if he brought the Pope along!

I hope Mensi makes it, just so he can stick his fingers up to those who tried to stop him.

REVIEWED BY DR SYN, aided by the Punk Lives team and a few pints of beer

Singles

WHEN YOU think of it memories are truly made of this. Those little circles of vinyl with their individual sleeves are held dear as treasured possessions for several reasons (starting with emotional relevance and dropping down to financial worth) but they're definitely memorabilia for the heart. Why else do we hoard them and protect our preference a la musicale? When a friend starts lambasting you (the single of your current dreams) you indulge in attack and defense like your soul depended on it. You get a record and play it to death over the weeks and then a new one comes along, with a few casual interlopers along the way. They represent the time and the place and certain ones bring back specific tide waves (the specific ocean) of memories, good or bad, particularly if allied to a band whose development you've followed with rapture and devotion. You gloat over your singles, you dread the thought of the house burning down and you listen to the radio now and again for those Bonnie Tyler lyrics.

And here's a funny thing . . . you forget about some of them. Tom Vague and I were decomposing the other day at the Tribe Club where the saving graces will always come in the shape of the singles played if the bands turn out to be a bad case of musical pox. 'Oh Bondage, Up Yours!' erupted from the speakers and started an evening of endless reminiscing along the lines of "God, remember that?" or "Haven't played this one for years" and in some cases that is literally true. You often don't play them for years. The DJ whacked on 'Emergency' by 999. BRILLIANT! "Didn't they go to America?" asked Tom and indeed they did. Unfortunately they came back.

And so it went on, The Buzzcocks, The Ants, Penetration, Banshees . . .

So what of today's singles? Is there such classique fare hidden amongst the sleeves that grace these pages? Come with Tom and I to the Tribe one Tuesday night in 1985. We shall investigate this matter

further. And then further still.

The first record played? It's . . . **CRUCIFIX: 'Nineteen Eighty Four' (Freak Records).**

Tom: "This wasn't bad actually. I mean when you think how crappy a lot of them thrash bands were. Good guitar." (Sips pint in economical manner)

Dr Syn: "Aye my child what you say is true. How well I recall that striking guitar intro. So solid, so desperately urgent and so surprising to consider that such things can escape from America. Actually I was always keen on the spoken middle but, where the singer's chanting "1 . . . 2 . . . 3 . . . 4 . . . 5 . . . 6 . . . 7 . . . 8 . . .", it's simple but really effective. Didn't hear much of them after this single but this, as legacies go, is pretty damn good."

Tom: "Americans are a bit strange anyway. Funny about Reagan dying the other week wasn't it?"

Dr Syn: "Getting on a bit wasn't he? That's the dangers of too many face lifts. Suffocates you in the end."

The record ends and the DJ slips on something simple.

THE BASTARDS: 'Sika Armeija' (Propaganda Records).

Dr Syn: "Ah, the old classic 'Sika Armeija', the summer hit of '83. What a chorus . . . "Sika Armeija. Sika . . ." great stuff. Minimalist at heart and in results. Ten tracks that EP."

Tom: "Was that the orange vinyl job?"

Dr Syn: "Indeed my son. Some were just over a minute and they all sounded like this. Appalling really wasn't it but then foreign singles were pretty interesting at the time."

Kill Your Pet Puppy supremo, Kilty McGuire, now Editor of NME, strolls into sight but dances arthritically away as the needle hits the very first groove of . . .

EMERGENCY: 'Points Of View' (Riot City).

Dr Syn: "Funny label Riot City were, were they not?"

Tom: "They were not!"

Dr Syn: "Oh you must have like this one. The world was right, they did have leanings towards The Buzzcocks. Listen to that guitar, as it shines through the dancing thundering beat. What a single, what an unexpected surprise it was. When Alf bundled it into my hands amongst a pile of dross I remember thinking, 'This'll be crap.' Nearly two years ago to this day that was. They had a few other good ones afterwards as well."

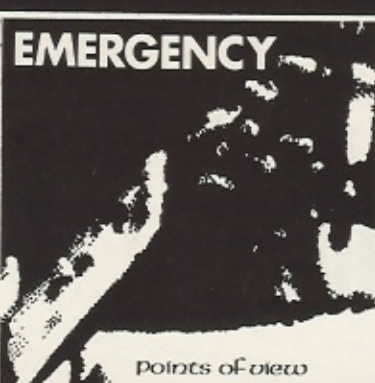
Tom: "I must admit the bass and drums aren't bad really. So many of those bands seemed a little too much like Exploited retreads to me. I never liked that kind of stuff. I'm glad it died out in '83. It was ruining punk."

Dr Syn: "Do you remember that Bushell bloke?"



pic by Mick Mercer.

SKELETAL FAMILY: the things that dreams are made of



Tom: "Oh God. What ever happened to him?"

Dr Syn: "Features Editor of Woman's Weekly."

The classy sounds of Emergency drift slowly away through the PA speakers. Old Kilty has vanished and so had my beer! As if to console me the man at the deck hammers out The Undead single. Or to be exact . . .

THE UNDEAD: 'This Place Is Burning' (Riot City).

Tom: "Quite a Riot City evening this evening. This isn't much good. Might as well have a game of pool or something."

Dr Syn: "These are the kind of records that you can't remember because there's actually nothing there to remember. I mean there is a tune here but not exactly stunning is it? I remember the sleeve though, pretty garish stuff. Trouble with most of those bands was that after the obligatory rousing intro nothing happened. I can't think why he's playing this in here. I thought the Good Ship Richard was doing the DJ thing?"

Tom: "He's on his way but you know how slowly he walks. He'll be here later. He's bringing the Southern Death Cult and Blood and Roses 12 inches."

Dr Syn: "Weird the way they split up wasn't it? Burning themselves out so quickly."

Tom: "Well they didn't so much burn out as fall out really. I mean they're still here aren't they?"

Dr Syn: "True enough. I wish he'd stick something else on."

And, as if by magic . . .

RESISTANCE 77: 'Join The Army' (Riot City).

Tom: "I remember the cover of this one! They were posing in Bath just near where I used to live. Crap record."

Dr Syn: "No, it wasn't crap. They were trying something. I don't think it worked on this as well as their next one. I can't remember what that one was called."

Tom: "'Fuck The System'?"

Dr Syn: "Oh that's right, sneer away, just as I did at the time but absence makes the heart grow fonder and even an average disc like this sounds quite cute."

'Join The Army' and 'Collars' were both great little songs. Great lyrics. Get some fags while you're over there will you?"

What's this? Average sounds . . .

THE WESSEX '82 EP (The Subhumans, Pagans, Organised Chaos, A Heads) (Bluurg).

Dr Syn: "God this was a dull one wasn't it? 90p and not really worth it."

Tom: "Oh I dunno, it wasn't bad. I mean none of them were crap thrash, even though they threatened to degenerate that way at times."

Dr Syn: "Well the Subhumans song was pretty rosey apart from the lyrics."

Tom: "Yeah . . ."

Dr Syn: "And the Pagans and Organised Chaos lived up to their names, but only just."

Tom: "Yeah . . ."

Dr Syn: "And that A Heads track wasn't a patch on that brilliant 'Dying Man' single."

Tom: "True . . ."

Dr Syn: "So it's pretty crappy then."

Tom: "Smart Alec."

SKELETAL FAMILY: 'Trees' (Luggage Label). Appears and . . .

A cry of joy rent the air. Al A was there, his feet a blur (must clean my lenses more frequently), his face contorted with a wide grin. "The Skels, the Skels" he shouted. And it was true. 'Trees' had been a particular fave of the Punk Lives team back in '83.

Dr Syn: "It's great isn't it? I mean the other side's a load of shite but this . . ."

Tom: ". . . is the things that dreams are made of . . ."

Al A: ". . . it's heaven, heaven shaped in a circle."

Kilty: "This drink belong to anyone?"

Dr Syn: "Me. Here, bring that back!"

Tom: "It's a bit like the Cure's 'The Forest' isn't it? Except it's a little more poppy and in a way a bit more frightening. The way the girl giggles and they echo it. Sometimes when I heard that I felt a shiver go down my spine. Brilliant record. Never saw them live though. Don't think they ever came down did they?"

Dr Syn: "I don't think so. Oh god, what's this?"

DISORDER: 'Prediction EP' (Disorder Records).

Tom: "To the bar everyone, to the bar."

Kilty: "Evacuate!"

Al A: "One of Chelsea's best."

Dr Syn: (safe behind a wall of sandbags) "What got me about this bunch, apart from the fact that they couldn't write a decent song to save their life was that the bloke who wrote the words used to have excellent lyrics. That 'Remembrance Day' song was great but when he sings it the whole thing's a putrid mess."

NO CHOICE



SADIST DREAM

CHAOS UK: 'No Security' (Riot City).

Tom: "The ghost of Johnny Moped!"

His well aimed glass smote the arm a glancing blow, bringing the record to a premature end. Taking the hint and cooling the mood down our DJ makes a very wise choice.

NO CHOICE: 'Sadist Cream' (Riot City).

Dr Syn: (Totally drunk by now after the last two records): "BRILLIANT. Shut up you morons. This is a really clever record. The band were really brave to put out a three tracker. Listen to the lyrics. Making the point about war but not in the usual way. They're really clever and it's not boring BRILLIANT. I loved this one. Still got it. Listen to that . . ."

'People were like candles, melting in the sun, and as they crawl along, they'd go out . . . one by one.'

I mean they've got their fast bits too but they're excellent. Come back! Where you going?"

Tom: "He's got the Exploited Compilation LP out."

Dr Syn: "Wait for me!"

(The sound of running feet.)

P.S. Two addresses. Crucifix C/O PO Box 331, S.F. Ca 94101.

The Bastards, Risto Jokela, Nasilinnank, 24 c 16,33210, Tampere 21 Finland PUH 931/331141.

WE NEED YOUR SINGLES

You know as well as we do that Punk Lives can't survive without you. There are hundreds of singles and tapes released every week without anyone getting a chance to hear about them. If you are an independent record label, band or whatever and you've got a punk record out then send it to us for review. Remember, we can only help you if you help us. Send your singles/tapes to: Punk Lives, 'Singles', 50 Eagle Wharf Road, London, N1.

LORDS OF THE NEW CHURCH

July 1980

Stiv Bators leaves the Dead Boys and flies to London to become the new vocalist for the defunct Sham 69. At a party somewhere in the depths of Chelsea, he runs into his long time friend and comrade in harm, Brian James, who has abdicated the throne of The Damned. The seed is planted.

October 1980

Miles Copeland rings Stiv Bators in a seedy hotel in the pits of Baltimore. Stiv is filming his acting debut as a juvenile delinquent in "Polyester", starring Divine. Having seen Stiv's ability to outrage and nauseate an entire audience in L.A. at the Santa Monica Civic Auditorium while filming "Urgh! A Music War" for I.R.S. Records, Miles asks Stiv to team up with Brian James to form a band to help the Decline of Civilization. Brian, who told Miles of Stiv two years earlier while recording his first solo project on Illegal Records with Miles' brother, St. Art, is finally relieved that the "dine has dropped". But Stiv, already having signed to Polydor with "Sham 69 cum Wanderers" asks for one year.

October 1981

After one LP, one UK tour, and one US tour, The Wanderers abort. Brian and Stiv take Kermit from the shambles of the Wanderers to form their long awaited "partners in crime." Curious of the new psychedelic movement blossoming in London's Soho, Stiv, Brian, and Kermit go to Le Kilt to see much raved about Barracudas in action. They listen to the jungle beat of the drummer, Turner, and plot. After only one rehearsal the boys kidnapped Turner and snuck off to Paris for a secret gig a Rose Bon Bon's under the name, The Thingz. Having unexpected success of their first performance, the seed finally takes root.

John Blake, Ad Lib - New Standard, asks Brian James just what the New Church means. Brian replied that young girls don't worship Jesus Christ anymore, they worship Sting or Adam Ant. Maybe it's not that drastic, but as Stiv states, the youth of today see the Church as outdated and irrelevant to our modern Clockwork Orange Society. Listening to albums to guide youth through the pains of dealing with their lives today has replaced reading scriptures of old from the Bible. Rock has not only replaced parents and politics, but also philosophy and religion, as foretold in the Book of Revelations itself. As Carol Clerk, editorial staff member at Melody Maker states: "that when all those sternly small-minded trend-bearers who keep telling us we should be looking like this, playing like that and listening to the other..." at a time when we're ordered to be there or be square, there's a group around the corner to take us some place else. Thank God. And when that time comes, well, The Lords 'll be right in control of The New Church. The five year cycle of rock is upon us again since it's hibernation of '77, and the Lords of The New Church are to lead us to the ALTER.

From The Lord Of The New Church's press handout



Lords of the New Church Personal Profiles
Self Bators - Vocals, Brian James - Guitar, Kermit - Bass, Mick Turner - Drums

Name: **BRIAN JAMES**

Born: **YES**

Age: **21 AGAIN 18/2/61 IN LONDON**

Influences: **THE WORLDS VICES**

Hobbies:

Favorites: Colour **BLACK**
Food **RED MEAT**
Drink **WHITE WINE + TEQUILA**
Dessert **SAHACA**
Clothes **LEATHER + SUEDE**
Male Singer **STIV**
Female Singer **DIANA ROSS**

Group **STONES, NIGER KOSAK + 1967 POP**

Actors **DIRK BOGARDE + UDO KIER +**

Actresses **NATASSIA WASKI + JANE NICHOLSON**

Car **PRINCE**

City **NEW YORK (IN SHORT SHORTS)**

Personal Ambition **THE WORLDS VICES**

Professional Ambition **TO GET BETTER + BETTER + BURN ALL THE BIBLES**

Important Moments in Life **ON STAGE**

Important Books **ANYTHING BY JAMES HADLEY CHASE**

Fetishes **NONE**

Comments: **1 BORNG YAM YET**

Lords of the New Church Personal Profiles
Self Bators - Vocals, Brian James - Guitar, Kermit - Bass, Mick Turner - Drums

Name: **STIV BATORS**

Born: **22 OCTOBER 1956**

Age: **25**

Influences: **THE THREE STOOGES, JOHN WATERS, A CLOCKWORK ORANGE**

Hobbies: **VANDALISM, BUMPING THE DUMMY, MOTORBIKING, ROLLER DERBY**

Favorites: Colour **BLACK**

Food **TACOS, UNBAPTISED BABIES**

Drink **DEAD BOY (Vodka, Gin, Tequila, Rum, Triplesec, Coke + Lemon Juice)**

Dessert **BROKE SHIELDS**

Clothes **ANYTHING LEATHER SORDID AND SINISTER (Like Mine)**

Male Singer **KEITH RICHARDS or SID VIGOROS**

Female Singer **EDIE THE EGG LADY**

Group **THE CREATURES PAUL REVERE AND THE RAIDERS, N.Y. DOLLS**

Actors **KILLING JOKE, ROLLING STONES**

Actresses **MALCOLM MACDONELL, OLIVER TOBIAS**

Car **HACKNEY CABS, HERRSES**

City **WHEREVER I'M NOT AT THE TIME**

Personal Ambition **TO F**K BRIDGETTE BARDOT**

Professional Ambition **TO GET PAID FOR F**KING BRIDGETTE BARDOT**

Important Moments in Life **TO RUN MILES COPELAND BANKRUPT**

Important Books **FILLING OUT THIS STUPID F**KIN QUESTIONNAIRE**

Fetishes **THE DEAD BOYS BEING ON STAGE**

Comments: **WHY? THE WEATHER IS NICE TODAY.**

MEMU MUM TURNER

Lords of the New Church Personal Profiles
Self Bators - Vocals, Brian James - Guitar, Kermit - Bass, Mick Turner - Drums

Name: **TURNER**

Born: **4.5.59**

Age: **22**

Influences: **ROOFTOP - POLANSKI - CHARLES MANSON - DEFORMANCE**

Hobbies: **FELLINI BEYOND THE VALLEY OF THE ULTRA VIOLETS**

Favorites: Colour **BLACK**

Food **LOBSTER HULA HOOPS**

Drink **DEAD BOY - TEQUILA RUM UDOCA TERE SEC PAN**

Dessert **WOT CHOCOLATE SAUCE ALL OVER**

Clothes **RIPPED AND TORN**

Male Singer **RICHARD HELL / 3RD SANEON / ROCKY ERIKSON**

Female Singer **RONNIE SPECTOR - NICO**

Group **SATANIC MAJESTY'S - CLOTHES WATCH BAND**

Actors **ELECTRIC PRUNES**

Actresses **MARTIN SHEEN - HAL (2001) VEWET UNDEGROUND**

Car **BARBARILLA - @ ALL THOSE IN BEYOND THE UNLEY**

City **JACUAR XK120 OF LATE 60S CORCER**

Personal Ambition **SURF, DRAG, FOLK, MOTOR, FUN CITY, FUN, FUN FUN**

Professional Ambition **TO NEVER STOP 'FREUNER GEDONY' LA LA LA LA**

Important Moments in Life **TO FORGET 'SUMMER FUN'**

Important Books **TO LEARN HOW TO PLAY 'SONIC REDUCEE'**

Fetishes **WARREN / PAIS / NOW! TOMORROW!!**

Comments: **THE COLLECTOR / MAOIS - JOHN FOWLES**

1984. CATCHER IN THE RYE - THE PUCE COOPER

LEATHER ENCLUSTED HORSELS

BIGAMY BANING ON MY DAWN

SOLIDARITY!

VIVA L'ENTENTE CORDIAL!

Name: **DAVE TREGANNA**

Born: **DERBY ENGLAND**

Age: **27**

Influences: **Psychedelia + Punk**

Hobbies: **Self Destruction [Slowly]**

Favorites: Colour **Black**

Food **Indian + Mexican**

Drink **Southen Goglet Tequila, Xango Rancid + Spinal**

Dessert **Bananas with whipped cream**

Clothes **Suatter, curves, stockings + suspenders**

Male Singer **Don Rick, Malcolm Mooney**

Female Singer **Marianne Faithful**

Group **Kinks, Velvet Underground, Can**

Actors **Donald Sutherland, Mysterium Sinu**

Actresses **Jill Christie**

Car **Ignor XK120**

City **London, New York, Paris**

Personal Ambition **To Fill my talent with Blatant P's**

Professional Ambition **To travel all round the world**

Important Moments in Life **Birth + Death**

Important Books **The Dune Men - Luch Rabinovitch, Anything by Huxley**

Fetishes **Hanging round bars in Red Light Areas**

Comments: **"Have a nice day" "Why are we here" "What am I doing waiting this crap" "Why not"**

LORDS OF THE NEW CHURCH

A RAT & A GNOME

MICK MERCER talks to The Damned's Rat Scabies



The Damned: most of our fans are unemployed

THE DAMNED'S current state being extremely busy it was only Rat Scabies, virtually unrecognisable in a suit, that turned up at the publicity office to shout responses to my questions. The grand entry in the baggy suit was swiftly followed by a neat watusi with a tea cup that sent showers of hot liquid across the

green staircase. Rat was in high spirits. In fact he stopped the interview almost immediately and insisted that I listen to the children's record that he had recently recorded. 'The Naughty Gnomes' has yet to be placed with any label and the future remains unknown but Rat was as pleased as Punch with the twee but undeniably

bouncy tune wreaking havoc with the office speakers. I recall the line "there's yellow teethy from Hampstead Heathy" but little more than that, apart from the fact that I wouldn't buy it.

Why the suit? Have you been in court this morning?

"You're the third person who's asked me

that! I just thought it was time for a change. Everyone knows what Rat Scabies looks like, old jeans, T-shirt, leather jacket . . . so I got a suit. Very nice."

He removes the jacket and sits back in the reclining chair, at ease with the picturesque surroundings. Looks a bit odd.

Was it true that the bass player had been thrown out at the papers had reported?

"Yeah, he was but he's back. I threw him out because I couldn't be bothered playing with him, but he's back. Let's say the rules have been straightened out and the game's easier to play now."

A wry grin traverses the ratular features. Encasement Scabies rocks slightly with mirth.

About the children's record . . . was the idea around before the good Captain made the Top Of The Pops studio his own?

"I've had the music for some time. I've got this mate who does comic work, Buster and that. Harold Hare. And he said 'I've got this idea for a song about gnomes', so I said 'Oh, I've got a bit of gnome music' (at gnome presumably) so I did it. The Damned can obviously appeal to a young audience."

Would it go out as Rat Scabies?

"Oh no, it'd be The Lollipops. I don't think you should be tied down to one thing, like the five hundred mile an hour thing, which the Damned have done anyway."

But you broke that with the 'Black Album'.

"With the first album we had 'Feel The Pain', a lot of people forget that."

A scowl breaks out when I mention their second album and Rat confesses to never listening to the thing.

"I don't really listen a lot. Music to me is something to be shared with people. I played you that ('Gnomes') but if I was on me own I wouldn't listen. I always play music when people are around but it's quite rare for me to sit at home and play a record. Hendrix is my latest. Did you see that thing on television? What a bloke . . . phenomenal. It's this whole new world, this whole new culture that I'd never thought about before. With The Damned for the last six years I cut all that out of my life and just listened to a lot of new bands. Then I heard him and thought 'God, this geezer really knows what he's doing', and I became a Hendrix fanatic overnight. I've got this band called Foxes and Rats and we do gigs now and again, which are basically tributes to Hendrix."

It wasn't very hip to like sixties bands when punk came along was it?

"Apart from The Kinks and The Small Faces, you were allowed to like them. You weren't meant to mention Jefferson Airplane, even though I still haven't heard them. I don't want to really. Well, I did once listen, that's why we did 'White Rabbit', but it didn't come out as good as it could have."

You've done production with other bands haven't you?

"Yeah, but I've stopped it now. Really enjoyed doing it though. The reason I did it was to learn what a studio could do. You can virtually do anything if you've got the time and patience. It's a bit like saying 'here's life, live it'. I knew there were some really cheap studios where you could get good results so I thought the best thing would be to go in with bands like The Satellites and Victim and say 'I'm learning while you're learning' and I think at that point in time it was good. I'm still proud of what we did. I did all the production for Rewind Records and they're about to release a compilation album, 'Produced by Rat Scabies'!!

"We've produced the new album ourselves. We haven't worked with anyone

else because it's a joke. If Martin Rushent produced . . . oh, y'know, The Nobodies from Ealing, the album would probably sell about 20,000 copies because of his name. That's one of the problems with having a producer. The record company says you have to have a name producer because they sell records but we think it should be the music that sells it. There's very few producers that we get on with. We did actually go through the list of producers available. There's a few people we would have liked to work with . . . like Eno, just for respect for him, because some of his ideas would probably work. But we couldn't find his phone number or something."

Try as hard as I might I couldn't get the Rat to reveal studios that he would recommend for young bands. It might mean they wouldn't then be able to get into the studios themselves for smug little bands living it up. Ah well, I did try. What then, moving onto the question of the Damned's nastiest dealings with record companies, what did the band look for when they go to Record Companies?

"Honesty. With us and with the public. Like the picture disc of 'Lovely Money' we put out, we stipulated that it mustn't be more than the price of an ordinary single. We look for people who make sure that the records are in the shops so a kid in Derby who wants that latest Damned single can get it and doesn't have to wait three weeks while the local shop orders it."

Well if you go in looking for honesty, what went wrong with Chiswick?

"No one else would sign us. Even though the single we had out then was the biggest single we'd ever had. It was a bit strange. No-one really wanted The Damned."

Did you ever end up in court with them (Chiswick)?

"No. I wanted to. I wanted to go to court because I think both legally and morally we were right. But we were in a rush to get a new deal. We had the material but if you're just sitting around at home getting bored it becomes very easy for a band to deteriorate. So we worked as hard as we could just by doing live stuff, which just about worked and we scraped through by the skin of our teeth. We've just been through a year and a half of real misery."

Was it easy enough to organise gigs when you wanted?

"Oh yeah, but it wasn't really doing the band any good. It was keeping us alive so it was doing the band good in one respect, but publicly . . . we did the Lyceum seven times last year or something. Every gig was good. They all sold out. It's not hard to get gigs for The Damned."

Are there still some towns you can't play?

"Nahh, that's a real big myth about punk bands not being able to play towns. Like the Pistols could have played virtually anywhere that they wanted to. They were gonna do the Albert Hall, no . . . they were gonna do Wembley. One show at Wembley. If was Malcolm McLaren getting the public at it. Cowboy. Real baddies . . . 'Nobody'll let us play, isn't it a shame?' We were banned from a lot of halls."

Are you allowed to do them now?

"Well, now it just turns around and you get asked to do them. Like, after the riots Sheffield City Council decided they'd have a series of rock concerts."

To appease the people.

"Yeah and the unemployed were allowed in free. And they asked us to do a gig there which is a bit ironic as they wouldn't let us play there before. So we put the money up, and did it. Plus it's good. Most Damned fans are unemployed. Haven't really met any who aren't."

Rat is drawn by me into a discussion

about the legal aspects of contracts and suchlike which isn't exactly the most enticing of subjects, it's just something that came up.

"None of us are really that interested in business that much anyway. When you get some-one saying 'Well basically we relate the advances to the . . . you go 'f--k off I don't want to know that, wanna play me drums. You handle it'. because it is so complicated and my mind isn't big enough to take in this vast amount of knowledge. You need a couple of bleeding micro-chips in each earhole to comprehend any of it."

So we leave this desolate area of non comprehension and move on to the current Damned state of affairs. Did Rat think that with Captain having two hits that the radio would take more of an interest with The Damned's records when it hasn't previously been too interested in playing their records.

"There's got to be. I think it's great; it's a stepping stone for The Damned. Now the Radio One producers will listen to our records, whereas before they didn't care. We won't be so instantly dismissable."

I would think there's probably a few people who still don't know that Captain Sensible is in The Damned.

"No they don't. Which is odd! It's such a turn around."

Can't you see the people on the Radio saying 'Well it is separate so we can still ignore The Damned'?

"No they won't. I understand what you're saying but they won't. I've met some since. In fact the Captain's success has turned a lot more people onto The Damned. 'What's this geezer been doing before? The Damned? I've never really bothered to listen before, perhaps I ought to find out what they're like', and hopefully they'll be surprised."

Apart from your gnome song are there any other things in the offing?

"Oh, yeah, I've got a few tricks up my sleeve. I'm not gonna let him get away with it that easy. We've all got little projects, always have had, but we were always told not to do them."

A young lady dashes up the stairs and requests that I wind up the interview as there's another bouncer waiting to grab the Rat's attention and ask him all the same questions. So having been allowed five minutes more I stump Rat with the question I ask most people. What was the first gig he ever saw?

"Oh . . . god . . . the first I ever saw . . . christ . . . er . . . (and so it went on) . . . err. It was Ginger Baker's Airforce, just after Cream had split up. No it wasn't, I tell a lie, it was John Mayall's Blues Band with Dusty Bennett supporting. (Actually it's Duster — Ed.) You ever heard of these guys?"

John Mayall. But not the other one . . . Dusty . . .

"Dusty Bennett. F--king phenomenal. Just had a bass drum, a hi-hat and a guitar. Absolutely blew John Mayall offstage."

And what's the best gig you've ever seen?

"It's very close actually between The Who at Wembley, about 10 years ago. I bunked in with a load of me mates. Kicked the doors in, legged it in and got chased by dogs and that. That was the most exciting gig I've ever been to, but the best feel to a gig I've ever been at was, that I enjoyed the most, was the Ruts just after Calcoln had died and they supported us, and The Anti-Nowhere League at the Lyceum. I think I'm getting busy again."

A handshake and we parted.

The Damned are still going strong. From Toad of Toad Hall to 'Strawberries the Ratular legacy lingers on.

LPs

ACTION PACT: 'Mercury Theatre On The Air Again' (Fall Out).

THE WAIT has, you will be overjoyed to hear, been worth it. Finally the Action Pact songs are down in a massed attack, continuing this year's trend as being one hell of a yer for LPs — and we're only four months in! What a year, what a year!

Action Pact have always been one for energy, bouncing melodies and sharp incisive lyrics. They still are, the studio experience sharpening up things but never dulling them.

How can people prefer all these mere rabble type punk bands when there's Action Pact here with songs like 'Drowning Out The Big Jets', 'Losers', 'Double Standards' and 'Mindless Aggression'? HOW? IT DOESN'T MAKE ANY SENSE AT ALL!

OK enough of that.

Those songs all have immense power to push you along, the oyrics scattering and sticking, but there's a few others I'd like to concentrate on.

Humourwise (although there's always a *real* point to them) we have 'Things That Need Fucking' which I call humorous because George can never get the chorus quite right. Probably their feeblest tune but powerful nonetheless and followed one way and another by 'Cowslick Blues' with some great drum stops and guitar segments. When they slow down they're still in a state of bliss, which is reassuring.

'London Bouncers' has been transformed with the addition of a wild and farting saxophone. The song has been stretched through this, losing none of its impact, the drums holding sway. A 12 incher here and no mistake. I hope.

'Currant Bun' ('Rupert Murdoch take your farce, roll it up and stick it up your . . . ANSWERS ON A POSTCARD?) with a fine sound, yet another song which would have made a classic single (better than 'People' at any rate), the guitar being particularly effective, soaring away like there's no tomorrow but, BUT BUT BUT . . .

Best of all . . . the title and closing track,

by far and away the finest Pactian outing to date with its sublime bass and guitar, the unrestrained melody, excellent pacing vocal wise and a drummer who never misses a beat.

Action Pact you see, represented here (the future might bring surprises one way or another) are so much better than 99% of the bands around that I could fill the cosmos with praise and I'd still have some left over. What they specialise in (like DMS before them) is songs. SONGS! And that's what we need. Their undeniable depth in their lyrics from Kim's beady eyes, and his sardonic humour, take them that extra step up and they have it all. THEY HAVE THE GOODS.

Buy it. **DR SYN**

ABRASIVE WHEELS: 'Burn 'Em Down'/CHAOS UK: 'Chaos UK' (Riot City).

OH I know they're oldish but they're all I've got. I've played them a few times and I'll play them no more I tell you. No more shall Chaos foul my little room. No longer will The Abrasive Wheels bellow their guitar driven ditties into my face.

Now if you like thrash bands and I know there's a few thousand people who do go for that particular sound, though not necessarily the records, (who am I trying to kid?) Chaos UK have it down to a tee. They drive relentlessly on in their search for the fastest stretch of open vinyl and they really get going. In fact the record has finished before you've put it on the deck. It's also that tuneless because songs just don't work at that speed. After all, remember what they said at the turn of the century, go over 14 miles an hour and you start to suffocate and I hold true to that theory (got a taxi the other night and the driver obviously felt the same way. God! Am I ALLOWED to mention taxis in a punk mag?). They've taken 'New Rose' and beaten it round the block 10 times. If you like that then this is for you. There's certainly a lot of it but where's the difference, where's the inspiration. How do the bands even know what song they're playing?

Abrasive Wheels I was pleased to learn know a good song when they write one. Sadly they then proceed to ditch them with all possible haste. For all the raucous delivery of their title track or 'Vicious Circle' or 'Gottarun' (and about half a dozen others) there is still a certain clarity and quality missing. Their ideas are good but the reality, the end result, is lacking a certain spark.

'BBC' was a damn catchy little song, no doubt about that one. And 'Just Another Punk Band' had its moments too. Abrasive Wheels have the technique, their musicianship is good but they have to find more variety, particularly around the rhythm stakes. To survive bands will need more songs and a firm identity. Neither band have that yet but I think the Wheels will survive. I bid Chaos UK a fond farewell.

DR SYN

CONFLICT: 'It's Time To See Who's Who' (Corpus Christi. CHRIST ITS 3) AHH, CONFLICT!

Standing in their own right as CONFLICT — THE BAND rather than CONFLICT — Part Of A Movement, they continue to carve out an individual identity from the post-Crass anarchist thrash camp.

Even their sleeves show the development. From the identikit Crass Records sleeve of their debut EP ('House That Man Built') to the olde-worlde, parchment on wood, design on this *gatefold* album cover. Why, there's even a colour painting on the front!

Nestling inside such a lavish sleeve, Colin Conflicts' vocals wait to rage at you in inspired frenzy. In the vehement aural assault the lyrics turn into incoherent mouth-foaming, their ferocious meaning stands naked and proud. The songs touch on many aspects of the same theme — 'All government is wrong, think for yourself instead of blindly accepting the crap they use to keep us blind and obedient'.

The songs that stand out on the album, 'Meat Means Murder' or 'No Island Of Dreams' for instance, have Steve Guitarist to thank. He has an ability to keep a song tuneless without losing the high-energy levels we crave.

In the tumultuous tumble of their concerts all their songs sound good, some sounding incredible — however here in the harsh world of bedrooms and record-players the ear becomes a trifle more discerning, more critical of the content.

A lot of this album's bite is lost in a messy blur of sub-Crass thrashings, so irritatingly so on side two I begin to wonder if it could be a parody. Irritating as it also boasts their twin finest moments: 'Exploitation' and 'Crazy Governments'.

"Yeah we live in Dead Cities

And the streets are grey,

But I don't need Top of the Pops

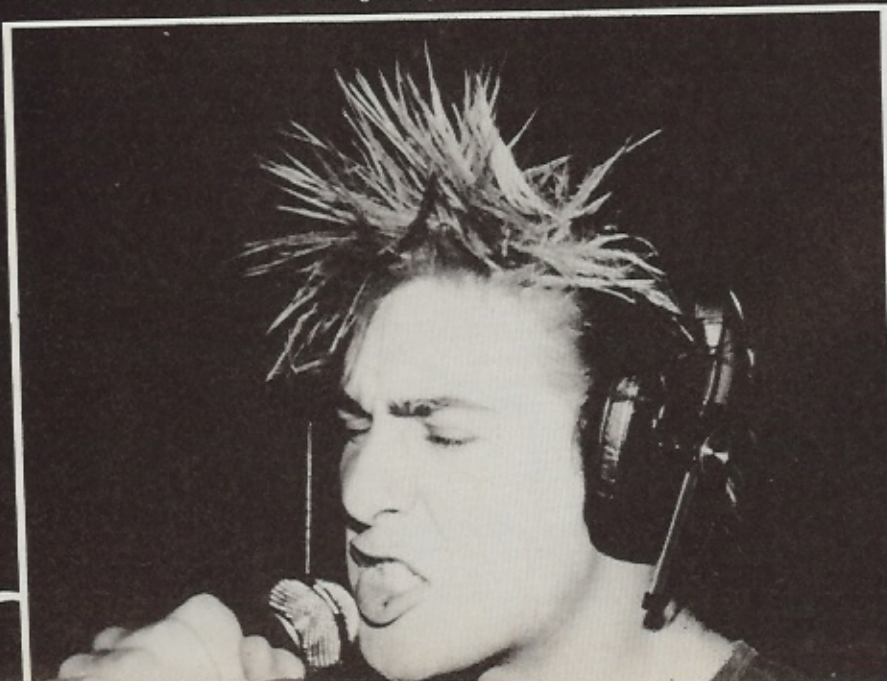
to make me think that way"

sneers 'Exploitation' over a menacingly brooding rhythm, crashing into the joyous blast that's always made 'Crazy Governments' their climatic set-ender live. I'd quote its fist-clenching chorus but we're not allowed to use such words in this mag.

Before I go let me add that the version of 'Blind Attack' on this beats the earlier one from their first EP; and the final (uncredited on the sleeve) instrumental dischording would've been better left off.

So; am I glad I bought the damn thing? I think I'd still rather see them live. **TONY PUPPY.**

Colin of Conflict



Young Blood

NO CHOICE

CONTACT:-335 CHAPELWOOD, LIANEYDYN,
CARDIFF, SOUTH WALES.
PHONE CARDIFF:-492782.

No Choice first came to my attention after Riot City sent me a credit copy of the bands single called 'Sadists Dream', which I would like to thank them for. After expecting to hear yet another 100 mph thrash record I was proved totally wrong by this completely different style record. The A side is a slow song whilst the flip side is an average medium paced good punk sound. Give this single a listen and buy it. Any way the following article is based on information sheet sent from Riot City sent to me. For further info contact the address at the top of the page. Thanks.



NO CHOICE are a Cardiff band who formed during the later days of March 1982. Terry and Svend joined Gary and Martine jamming sessions and they couldn't think of a good name for a band, so in the end they had no choice but to call themselves No Choice. They practiced about 3 times per week up until they made their live debut supporting Chaos UK, another Riot City band, together with two other bands in London. One of the band are anarchists because anarchy would only result in a London. None of the band are anarchists because anarchy would only result in a London. None of the band are anarchists because anarchy would only result in a London.

The EP on Riot City has three tracks. 'Sadists Dream' & 'Nuclear Disaster', the other track, 'Guns of the Working Class'. The EP sums up what the band are... working class. Individual band influences include... Crass, Stranglers, Sham 69, UK Subs, Poison Girls and probably many other things including The Jam & Paul Wellers lyrics.

If you would like to know any more information then please write to their address.

LINE UP: GAGZEE... VOCALS/MARTIN... GUITAR/SPIKE... DRUMS/SVEND... BASS/CID... BACKING VOCALS AND LEAD VOCALS ON SADISTS DREAM.

Expozez from 'Return Of The Naive' fanzine and Legalised Slaughter and No Choice from 'Final Curtain' fanzine

LEGALIZED SLAUGHTER

Legalised Slaughter are an Irish band. They formed in earliest January 1982 and the members of the band at the time of typing up this article were.....

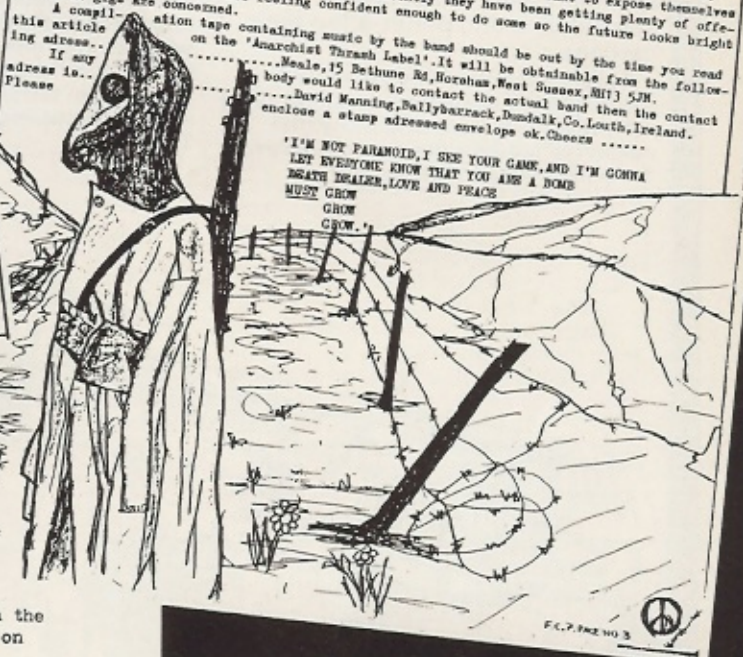
.....Linn.....Drums.
.....Colin.....Guitar.
.....David.....Voice
.....David.....Voice/Guitar.

The bands songs deal with subjects like the corrupt state of modern society, the aftermath of a nuclear holocaust, the acceptance and glorification of violence which is conveyed through the media and of course the conflict in Northern Ireland and the hatred and killings which result from this futile conflict and the warmongers who use people for their selfish and horrible purposes.

As individuals, they all have different opinions and views and this helps the band to be more objective when writing their lyrics etc. When they are writing a song they tend to look at both sides of the objective in order to be more constructive and they try to offer a possible alternative.

So far they haven't done any gigs as such (Feb 83) except a few odd ones. This is due to the fact that they haven't got a sufficient P.A. and the band didn't want to expose themselves until their playing had improved. However more recently they have been getting plenty of offers to do gigs and they are now feeling confident enough to do some so the future looks bright as far as gigs are concerned.

A compilation tape containing music by the band should be out by the time you read this article on the 'Anarchist Thrash Label'. It will be obtainable from the following address.....
.....Neale, 15 Bethune Rd, Horsham, West Sussex, BN13 5JN.
.....David Manning, Ballybarrack, Dundalk, Co. Louth, Ireland.
enclose a stamp addressed envelope ok. Cheers



THE XPOZEZ THE XPOZEZ

The band were formed in mid '78 by Tez and a bloke called Nog who was then the guitarist. They played their first proper gig at The Albion, Huddersfield on the 8th March '80 the line up at that time was...

Tez-Vocals..Nog-Guitar..Trimble-Bass..Heppy-Drums



Around this time they recorded a track for the Huddersfield compilation cassette "Only a Northern Song".

In 1980 they played 12 gigs all of them in Huddersfield. In Jan '81 they recorded the "Systems Kill EP" (Run Wild/Systems Kill/New Law) the record was released in May '81 and sold out within a month. It was not re-pressed because Nog left in June '81. The new guitarist Marcus Dossan joined soon afterwards (he was and still is a junkie). Marcus was arrested on a charge of theft and possession of drugs. He was remanded in Armlay Prison, Leeds. While he was on remand Tez's brother 'Sim' took over. They played London (twice), Manchester, Bradford, Keighley, Huddersfield and Hull. When Marcus was released all five of them (Tez, Trimble, Heppy, Marcus and Sim) recorded "1000 Marching Feet/Terminal Case" for Red Rhino Records, this has sold over 2000 to date.

They then got rid of Marcus because his drug problem got worse, Sim had a lot of work to do so they got a new guitarist Niel (formerly with "All over the carpet").

Soon after Niel joined Heppy left, they got a friend Andy Brook to stand in and he is now a full time member of the band, before Andy joined The Xpozez he was with The Infected and Onslaught.

The present line up is Tez-Vocals/Trimble-Bass/Neil-Guitar/Brooky-Drums. This line up had played 3 gigs up to December including supporting Dead Kennedys in Leeds. In November they recorded two 7" for Carnage-Benelux which should be released by the time you read this.

If you are in a band and want some coverage in Punk Lives, send full details of all members with a picture and tape and we'll try to use it. Send to Young Blood, Punk Lives, 50 Eagle Wharf Road, London N1

IN SEARCH OF FREEDOM AT THE HEART OF THE MOB

Tony Puppy (words) and Caroline McHale-Marshall (pictures) track down those most strange and reluctant wastrels and almost survive

THE FIRST indication was a pulsing, insistent rhythm, by-passing the ears to go straight for the tapping foot. On the train the two passengers began to feel vaguely aware of an undefinable but strangely alien atmosphere surrounding and penetrating their carriage.

A glance out the window shows a magnificently desolate wasteland; once a prestigious suburb of the city, the cultivated gardens are now overgrown, the ornate sunken lawns now

neglected. But look, is that movement in those trees?

Almost imperceptibly the sterile landscape turns into a teeming, terrifying, living mass, and with a chillingly primal scream down they swoop... ragged clothing a chaotic medley of colours and styles, baubles and patches altering and parodying what must at one time have been precious uniforms. Gaudy banners, fluttering in tatters, advertise their outfit — those outlandish outcasts of legend, THE MOB.

The train shrieks to a halt, half-way through the journey between the worlds of airy-fantasy and earthly-reality. A route embracing such opposites easily forgets the dark shadows cast by both, until the darkness emerges to claim its due.

Emerging from this zone, the relentlessly beating rhythm now joined by raucously chopping guitar, a voice entices with its disturbing imagery. Fragments are caught:

"... the smashed up old park bench, monument of sweeter days, upon it while your children played..."
"living here at the depths of pain, where the sun is blocked out by the rain..."

Perched on our seats, me and new accomplice Caroline hold our breath in anticipation, note-pad and camera at the ready.

After months of fruitless searching for this elusive tribe's whereabouts, here was the climatic conclusion.

The music halts, abruptly and as startlingly as it began, and the carriage door creaks open. A silence borne of dread hangs pregnant in the air and here they are; still holding his drumsticks is the one they call Josef, the man furtively glancing about must be the enigmatic Curtis, and shambling in through the emergency exit with an irrepressible grin is the man behind the voice, Mark. He is first to speak, "Should've known there'd be only two of the bloody music press hiding on this one, what can you do with people like this? They'll be the first to go."

A startling reaction, even more so in the effect the words 'music-press' have on Josef and Curtis. As one man they turn in barely stifled disgust and vanish off, wanting no more to do with the game.

I turn to Caroline, to see her already snapping away at the remaining Mob person. A smart girl, I follow her lead and open the questioning, "Well Mark, are you going to make us a cup of tea then?"

"You may as well come back t'Mob Mansions w'us then, Ah've nowt else t'do t'day," he decides, for some reason adopting a rather peculiar Geordie accent.

On the trail back through the brambles I attempt conversation, my voice a trifle wavery as the rope cuts into my bound





wrists, "Is there a kind of divinely sanctioned lawlessness that promises to become heroic inherent in your work?"

He interrupts the remark with, "I think a less image conscious bunch of bastards you couldn't hope to find — though we probably occasionally use symbols that evoke some sense of hope or something, like the rising sun, morning, new birth sort of things."

Communication is a wonderful thing, and through such banter we persuade Mark that our intentions are pure. We talk, and the talk is about how The Mob originally formed in deepest Somerset through being the only ones seemingly interested in escaping the well worn path from school to job to marriage. (*The Mob* in this early sense meaning a loose collection of souls hanging around an unimaginably obscure hamlet known as Seend, not *The Mob* as the now London based trio — knowledgeable transcribers note).

After recording two singles ('Youth' which breathed potential and 'Witch Hunt' which exploded in it), a move to London in '81 left them both exhilarated and disillusioned. Exhilarated by the seeming need for London Anarchist bands to create new rules and limitations for themselves. The move also brought them into contact with Crass, resulting in the classic 'No Doves Fly Here' released on Crass Records last year.

Assured by our interest, he unties our hands and relaxes into explanation.

"Since moving to London the ideas have changed and evolved, here it's possible to put much more of the ideas into practice through being with people of similar faith. The things that worried me three years ago maybe don't worry me so much anymore."

"Being with people of similar belief most of the time makes it easier to cope with things like loneliness, insecurity or these feelings like you think you're the only person for miles around who doesn't believe in the state, the police, fighting and football; which is how it was in Somerset."

"It also means that me, Curtis and Josef have drifted further apart through

having more opportunity to develop our own individual things. In the sticks you're tied together through isolation, in London you can spread out much more."

We sit now in what would have been called a garden, now little more than a clearing in the surrounding overgrowth. Various bit-players wander in and around, clad in individual but equally colourful modes of dress and hairstyle; a remark comes up about the length of time, and change in lyrical style, between their records.

"I think it boils down a lot to the fact that the songs on the album, 'Let The Tribe Increase', were written over a space of three years."

Some of the songs, like 'Our Life Our World', were written one line at a time over a few months, whereas songs like 'Witch Hunt' took maybe 20 minutes.

"The ideas are conveyed by the music, which speeds up the process, but they'll travel anyway it seems. Different people come into the audience, stay awhile and then new people come and go. It all carried on flowing, though sometimes it's sad not to see old faces, everyone must move on. The ideas will survive long after the music stops."

Do you ever feel the need to let more people become aware of your ideas, and The Mob as a band?

"We're not driven by any desire to attain success, we just do it because we enjoy it, we've got something to say or whatever. And because others enjoy it too. We recorded 'Witch Hunt' three years ago, and there's only been 'No Doves' inbetween that and the album. It's likely to be another six months or a year before there's another Mob record of any description."

"If I never pick up a guitar again I'll probably be quite content, start using the label for putting out stuff by other people, which has been my dream."

"Occasionally though, any or all of us will feel inspired to work with the band and things will move again."

"We don't write much which is really killing me at the moment as we're sort of under pressure now to do more work, what with the album coming out. I do feel that 'Our Life' is the best lyric I've written though."

He agrees to photos with one of their striking banners, laughing at the concept of being a pop-star. I fear to tell him that if me and Caroline get out of this alive it'll probably be used on the cover, instead I ask him how he feels about The Mob being seen as "A Punk Band", if he has ideas about it being more.

"It's highly unlikely we'd get into an album/single/tour/follow-up single etc situation, if we do another record I'll be faintly surprised, but whatever happens I hope things will carry on growing."

In what sense?

"I've got a vaguely formulated plan which involves getting a couple of converted buses, jugglers, fire-eaters etc and doing a tour that's more like a circus."

"Cries of 'hippy' from the cheap seats but who cares? Punk is individual, I'll only consider myself punk if the word

means individual, if it means leather and studs you can keep it."

Remember the Anarchy Centre? (see last issue — well-read ed)

"I feel the Anarchy Centre means/meant so much in that a community has developed and can grow (as it has) whereas a community like Crass's is closed off and can only lead by example rather than through co-operation."

"I like the idea, as I said, of taking a highly colourful version of the Anarchy Centre around the country so that people who couldn't get there when it was around could get exposed — this is my main dream anyway. Maybe not with The Mob but I'd like to see it happen. Well we'll give it a bit of a trial run in Belgium and Holland soon enough I suppose."

That last remark, we find out, runs to a two week trek on the continent in early May. Presumably if The Mob and tribe return unscathed and willing; well baton those hatches because it could be your village next.

Unfortunately I let slip a comment about finding our way back to civilization, the looks get as dark as the glowering sky.

Turning to us he makes what is to be his last statement, "I find these days I assume everyone around feels the same, which is maybe a bit stupid because you drop your guard or reserve and you don't feel quite so threatened anymore. Maybe this is good, who knows?"

"I'd like to see a society built on trust, where everyone trusted everyone else until they couldn't be trusted anymore, then carried on trusting them anyway. Eventually this would instil enough trust into people so they could give it back. I can't do it myself yet, I'd like to. If this is anarchy we're anarchists."

"And me John, and me," I could but splutter as the implications hit home.

I pass these hastily scribbled notes to Caroline and bid her god speed, Myself I shall try to fend these people off as long as I can, only history will tell if she makes it back before I fall. (rest of notes illegible — tired transcriber).

TONY PUPPY





**THE
MOB**

pic by Caroline McHale Marshall

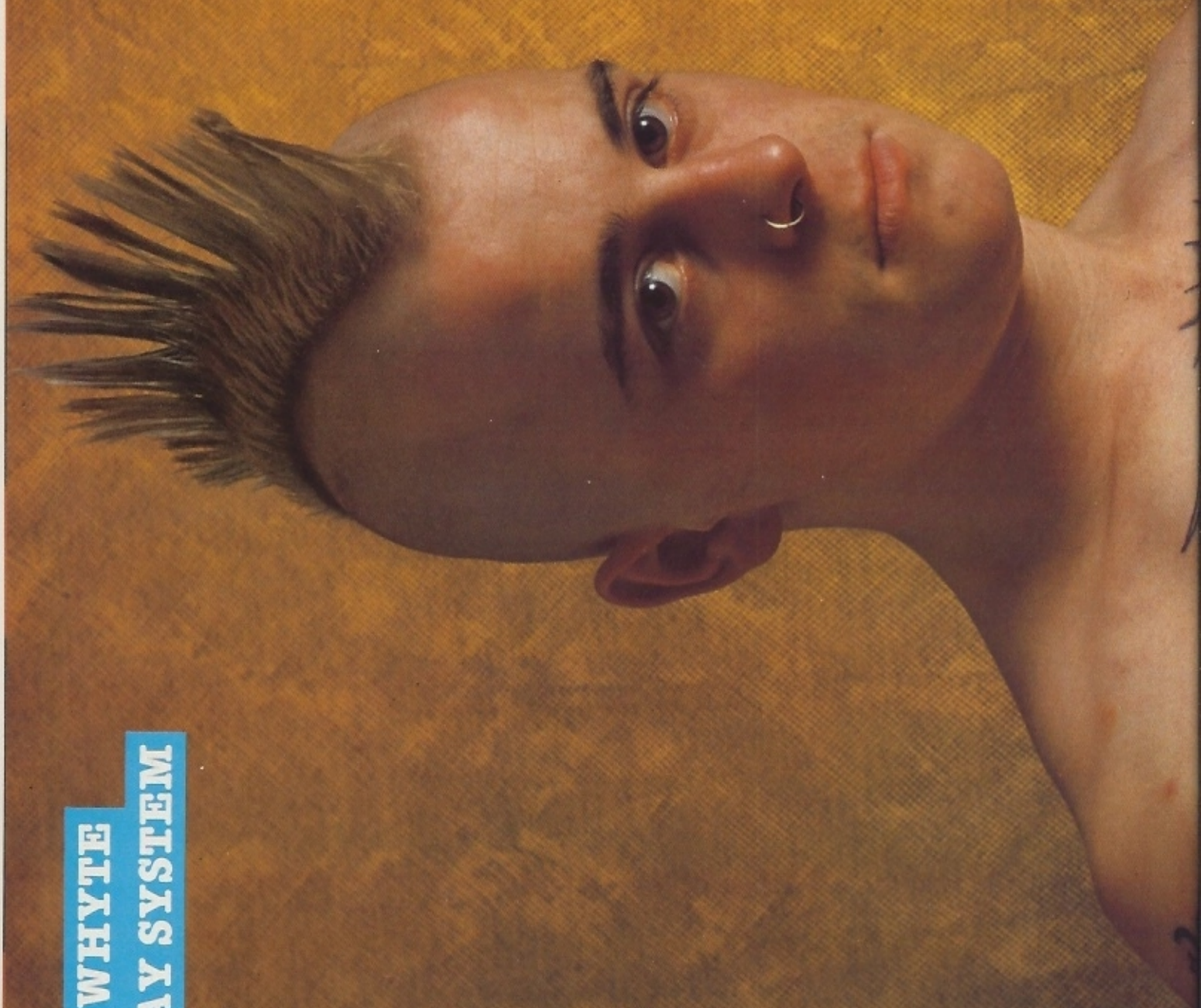
CHAOS UK

Formed in late 1979, Chaos UK have made appearances on the 'Punk And Disorderly' and 'Riotous Assembly' compilation albums. Now, the band have their own album out on the Riot City label. The band say that it's the noisiest, fastest LP in the cosmos. It's reviewed elsewhere in the mag.



**GAVIN WHYTE
ONE WAY SYSTEM**

pic by Tony Mottram





BLOOD AND ROSES

A DARK ROMANCE

As told by **Al A**

LISA WALKED slowly across her room towards the dressing table, instinctively avoiding the clutter of clothes and other debris which lay in her path; overflowing ashtrays, a heap of spilt cigarette papers, pieces of torn cardboard, the contents of a handbag leaking into a pile of cassettes surrounding a fragment of mirror, discarded magazines and a half used sketch pad. She picked up the pad, critically glancing at the drawing, but let it fall. Not good enough.

She crouched on the chair in front of the dressing table, clearing a space for her elbows amongst the make-up jars, lipsticks, eye liner, pill boxes, letters and a fine dusting of talc. Her eyes fell on a thin trickle of tiny coloured spheres which seeped from a cold-cure capsule, neatly sliced open by the razor blade lying beside it. Absent-mindedly she wetted the tip of her finger and picked up a few...

"Wine is red, poison is blue."

She winced at the bitter taste.

"But once you tried it, you just can't get enough."

The rest of the song sang itself out as she gazed at the mirror, her lips shaping the silent words.

"Strychnine."

Who was the woman who stared back so solemnly? She closed her eyes, running her finger tips over her face.

"Mona Lisa's for the blind."

They ran softly over the smooth contours. Cheekbone, lips, nose, eyes and dampness. Salty. Like tears. Tears? No!

She could feel herself on the edge of the spiral descent into a come down. Hurriedly she rummaged through the pile of cassettes, desperately in need of a calming voice. She found the one, fumbling with the metal machine until at last the music came flooding through. She lit a cigarette, holding the smoke deep and long, then pouring it out in a cloud, obscuring the face in the mirror.

"Ooooh, ooh, ooh, ooh. My lionheart" — Kate Bush.

Lisa sighed, echoing the wistful voice. Relaxed, she could begin the ritual of making-up, subtly applying the mask, becoming Lisa Kirby — singer with Blood and Roses. Soon to become the 'next big thing', or so everyone kept telling her. Photographs in magazines, the cover of NME, documentaries on TV. The woman in the photographs: a dark goddess, her enigmatic Egyptian eyes focused on a dream. Often Lisa felt that she was dreaming her life, always drifting like the moon in a naked sky. A black rose brushed with blood. Easy to become entranced, lost in silence, a reflection in the mirror.

But tonight there was a gig. Soon she would have to go. Almost immediately she heard a series of rapid knocks at the front door, a babble of voices, footsteps on the stair.

"Come on Lisa, we have to go."

Bob's normally relaxed tone was

replaced by a more urgent one. He stood impatiently behind her, agitatedly lighting a cigarette.

"Just give me a couple more minutes."

He rolled his eyes despairingly. Lisa knew that he found the whole rock and roll game laughably tedious, but that didn't help her now. She hated to be rushed, hated this frantic falseness. The growing distance between the band and their friends in the audience.

"My bag, where's my bag?"

"There it is, in the corner."

With a sigh, Lisa scooped a heap of useful oddments into the bag and got up slowly. Inside she was almost crying.

ONSTAGE SHE was confronted by a host of expectant faces, relieved by the occasional splashes of familiar crazy-colour blobs. She tried to relax by breathing slowly and deeply, waiting for the running up to end and the music to begin. Once she began to sing it was easier, the hours of tedious rehearsals paying off as the words flew out, becoming a beautiful aching voice, so powerfully expressing the emotions; from biting venom to soaring joy...

So much came out as she sang, all her hate, her fear and loathing in songs like 'Curse On You'.

"I hate you, I hate you
Go away..."

The words may have been Bob's, but the expression was always her own. Sometimes she could feel a real force, sometimes sinister, darkly brooding; other times an ecstatic, psychic, sensual sexuality.

"are you just too holy to admit to yourself

that you're dirtied by lust
just like anybody else?"

The audience cry out the chorus, "Your sin is your salvation", with knowing grins on several faces. The music goes on and on, swaying and twisting, writhing and jerking. At least in this place the sound is good, almost every note crystal edged.

A pause, then a return complete with the 'choir' — Sue, Steve and Min. A shiver of anticipation. Quietly Lisa says "Necromantra"

And it begins. As she sings, she can feel the energy begin, a powerful force suffusing her body, eyes closed, feeling... the presence of another. If magick exists, this must be it, this experience which radiates from her, from the group, from the audience. She senses a subtle strength a moment of infinite vision.

The song ends in silence, broken by an obscenity and shouting from part of the audience. The mood is destroyed. Bob glares and strikes an ugly discord that mutates into a horrifying version of 'Sister Ray'.

"you shouldn't do that, you know
you shouldn't do that..."

trying to hit it sideways...
Lisa screams the Velvet's psychosis, forgetting the words as the gig

collapses into frenzied chaos, writhing bodies, broken strings, overturned drums as first Richard, then Jez depart. A ferocious howl of feed back cuts through the carnage as the lights come on. Through her tears she notices someone cut and bleeding. Lisa collapses in a corner, protected from the robotic gaze of a TV camera by a circle of lethal glares.

"It's OK Lisa, here have some of this..."

Later amongst friends the pain is less strong.

"It went OK until the last number, it was just idiots playing up to the cameras."

"Yeah, I guess so..."

"Lisa, Lisa, are you alright?"

She opened her eyes. Min was sitting beside her on the grass. At first she thought they were somewhere in the countryside, but then she recognised the place, the reassuring familiarity of Stoke Newington graveyard. It was a warm summer night, the sounds of the city muffled by the trees and undergrowth. The stars above seemed distant but friendly.

"I just had this wierd dream..."

Blood and Roses emerged in 1981 out of the London punk squatting scene. Three of the band (Richard/drums, Lisa/singing, Bob/guitar) met sometimes in 1980, in Campbell Buildings, an unromantic south London squat remembered for its mixture of "boredom, murders and drug abuse."

Having passed through that abyss, the group started to come together in Stoke Newington (north London) with the addition of Jez on bass creating a rhythmic foundation for future growth. First indicator of this was a gig in November 1981 with The Mob, supporting Charge in a dank pit beneath a pub in Hammersmith.

This was followed by a varied selection of gigs across London, resulting in a series of bans by perplexed pubs. "The audience didn't drink enough," I was told once. The problem was not so much one of consumption, more a handy off licence... Particularly enjoyable were gigs at the London A centres, especially the Harrow Road one.

The music is a twisted tree bearing strange fruit — a basic mix of sixties garage punks on bad acid plus a few lines of New York noise c/o the Velvet Underground and the New York Dolls — not forgetting the almost popiness and Factor X, the magic something that puts Blood and Roses outside the safe little game called rock muzak.

12" of sticky black plastic (taste the blood) attempt to capture the surreal experience on Kamera Records (reviewed Punk Lives/4)... dare you try this fresh fever? The Damnation of your immortal soul? Go quickly now, hurry and experience Blood and Roses before the vision fades. Remember the Cramps and "Don't forget to your mind at home"...

Cue tape loop of manic laughter.



999



EMERGENCY

Not for us says 999's drummer Pablo

ONE NIGHT in the early winter of 1979 Pablo Labritain was dropped off near his home. He and the rest of 999 were returning — rather drunk — from playing a show. Pablo reached back in to the VW van to retrieve his sweater from the front shelf. The occupant of the passenger seat failed to notice, closed the door on Pablo's arm, assumed his frantic waves were gestures of farewell. The van drove off, Pablo attached by his right wrist.

Fifty yards down the road Pablo's free, left hand whipped into the back fins of a Morris Oxford, smashing the bones between shoulder and elbow.

The operation was simple and successful. A thick steel pin replaced the hopelessly mangled bones. There was only one complication. On waking from the operation Pablo discovered he had no feeling whatsoever in his left hand, couldn't move it a millimetre.

After a month of electronic treatment every other day, Pablo was interviewed by the doctor. "I see it says here you're a drummer. I should find something else to do if I were you."

Stubbornly, Pablo continued to work on the hand, squeezing away at those rubber balls, forcing the muscles to do as they were told. Nine months later, in the summer of 1980, Pablo was able to reclaim his place in 999, take back the drummer's stool from Ed Case who'd deputised for the period of Pablo's convalescence.

Such wilful obstinacy is typical of both Pablo and the whole of 999. By rights, in any rational organisation of the world, 999 would have given up the ghost long ago. Yet, despite the fact that very little has been heard of them in the UK for a long time now, they're about to enter the studio to record their fifth album, their first since 'Concrete' which slipped out almost unnoticed in the spring of 1981.

With the exception of the central, three man core of The Clash, 999 are now the longest surviving punk group. Formed in late 1976 — primarily at the instigation of former Kilburn and the High Roads guitarist, Nick Cash — 999 started playing in the spring of 1977. An early show at the Nashville supporting The Jam convinced Albion management to take 999 under their wing. And they're still there.

After one independent single they signed to United Artists where they released a clutch of raucous noises . . . 'Emergency', 'Homicide', 'I'm Alive', 'My Street Stinks'. Pablo still rates their first, hurriedly recorded album as their best.

Only moderately successful with their records — the week 'Homicide' hit number 40 in the charts they were denied a Top Of The Pops appearance by a BBC technicians strike — they won through as a live band, acquired an adoring, half-crazed male following: The Southall Crew. Unpolished, very loud, 999 were punk without any added trimmings. For the faithful only. Little has changed in the six years and four albums that have passed. When they played a sort of comeback show at the Lyceum in the summer of 1982, some of the Southall even turned up, perhaps a little mellowed by time.

What they did do in all that time is attack America, playing endless tour after endless tour. Pablo thrived on it. "I used to like recording. Now I'm bored by it. It's not like playing live. Just before I go onstage, of course, I'm terrified, think I'd rather go to the dentist. But, if it's a good show, there's nothing better."

Not that their live shows have been without incident. Fans always tumbled onstage. "We don't mind. THEY enjoy it." For years 999 felt ignored by the press. Then after a show in Palo Alto, California a couple of years ago, they realised that maybe that wasn't such a bad thing after all. Someone was knifed at the show, a *Sun* stringer picked up the story, splashed it over the paper, blaming 999 for the violence (if not the death). "All I remember is that gig was a cracker, we didn't know anything about the knifing at the time. Still, some old chap in my local said it was good that we got some press at last." Pablo shrugged, laughed.

For the last year — since the release of their last single, 'Wild Sun' with its Spaghetti Western overtones — they've done very little. They've drawn their wages every week, they've rehearsed now and again. Pablo and bassist Jon Watson go out for the occasional drink but only meet up with Nick Cash and Guy Days when it's time for work. Most the time has been spent waiting for a new recording deal. Finally, it seems they've got one. Inevitably, given their status across the ocean, it's with an American label, IRS. Albion will probably release it here. A producer has been sorted out — Richard Mazda who worked with the Fleshtones. "What we must do is get the stage atmosphere on record. Some of our stuff in the past has been far too clean."

So why — given that their history must have made them feel like they were wading through treacle — have they stuck at it, stayed together?

Pablo seemed genuinely surprised by the question. "It's not the kind of thing you sit down and ask yourself. It works onstage, I suppose."

Earlier, talking about the accident, how he'd willed his hand to work again, Pablo had said something which cast a far clearer light on the subject. "Once you've got a little bit of movement, you're alright, you've got something to work on. And you just keep going."

WILLIAM BOOT

Gigs

n732

X-MAL DEUTSCHLAND The Venue, London

THEY DRESS in black, four of them ranged across the stage hiding behind guitars, bass, synth and mic stands. The fifth is beating out a compelling rhythm on her heavy drum-kit — the bassist (their only male member) picks up the beat as the synth/guitar pair build a scratching, sometimes howling wall of noise.

Only this is not mere trashing, tunes and insidious melodies creep in and around the shattering power; Anja's vocals lie on top, commanding and keeping it all moving in coherent directions. From clipped and curt germanic gutturals to sanguinely soaring crescendos, she holds her own when outright musical chaos seems imminent.

As wave after wave of the, often ear-splitting, noise is met by row upon row of the expectantly entranced it becomes clear that X-Mal Deutschland are to remain an unsolved mystery. The Heidi-like Anja steals back the Teutonic Ice Queen persona from Siouxsie; every toss of blonde hair and flick of fey wrist displaying a mannered aloofness, effectively concealing any indication of intent.

As for the lyrics, there's no clue there. Impassioned statements shrieked out in German ask for response; we futilely flick through our phrasebooks but the moment is lost. Coupling this communications breakdown with their collective reluctance to move about onstage, it could've meant disaster. However the fiery power and subtle mystery of the music swallowed up such shortcomings, leaving a stunned crowd taking the name X-Mal Deutschland home to cherish — even if no-one knows what they mean. **TONY PUPPY.**

Look Back In Anger/Ritual Alien Sex Fiend Seventh Seance All at the Tribe Club, London

A CUTE and seamy den of iniquity that I like a lot. Lurve in fact but for the pool table problems. How can you play positive pool when there's a two quid deposit hanging over your heads. How indeed?

London's best club, he mumbled, and certainly the best records; although the Batcave probably has a good selection. Small, but not that small, friendly in atmosphere but not tepid and visually open for those watching the band wherever they stand. The only problem is the PA which by and large is a load of old crap.

Hey ho, let's go . . . to borrow from some other crap.

Look Back In Anger and, later, Ritual both suffered at the hands of the PA man. To all their pleas for rectification the man turned a deaf ear, 'Nothing I can do about it!' Possibly because he wasn't actually prepared to try. So Look Back In Anger fought against the gremlins and only some parts of their songs, mainly the strident drumming, survived. The nicely razored guitar was too rarely heard and when the bass came through it was too loud. Mich spat anger and muted revulsion at the wall. The cloud in the

PA's lining was a man from Friction Records showing justifiable interest.

Ritual got it worse. They took it in the back.

Starting with an abysmally slow 'Mind Disease' (it didn't work) the sound just mutated to such a degree that it wasn't even recognisable at times. Jamie was all grimaces as his guitar was hidden and then mashed in with the saxophone to give us a big sock rolling off stage, an occasional lump of bass joining it. Once again the drums stood well clear and Errol roared 'This SHITHOLE!' so let's concentrate on him.

The most genial but committed of characters his hair throws off sparks as he generates fire, his limbs flapping uncontrollably, the legs hindered by Charlie Chaplin's shoes and his arms pulling at the air. Single handedly he rows the Atlantic twice in an evening.

Only 'Cult' survived the massacre with its internal vitriol maintained. The general sound that Ritual get is pure adrenal flow and you're advised to see them whenever and wherever possible. Tonight was a touch saddening.

And Alien Sex Fiend are maddening. There's a Brigandage man stepping in on drums when their usual player disappeared and added to these solid efforts a weird guitar sound that travels through many a smile of electronic trickery before escaping through the speakers and you have a vastly shifting sound that always catches you unawares. And tapes. Of some sort. Or keyboards? Pretty much the same thing when you think about it. A cluttered but then fluid arrangement which set up a diverse background for the man in black (what else?) to sing his songs and delight us all.

For whilst the initial sound is harsh and hard to get to like, by the third song you're totally immersed with no doubts whatsoever about their brilliance. But when did it happen? When did the doubts become the yearning for more? It just happened. Glad it did as well.

There was one number in particular when the man was singing 'Everybody's got what everybody wants and everybody wants what everybody's got' to the most exotic of tape/synth noises, drums smacking away and the guitar doing (oh God, here it comes, I can hardly believe it myself) its own thing. A scandalously macabre bristling DELIGHT.

Although the tunes go on changing all the while there's enough time at one pace for you to start dreaming on the spot whilst taking it all in. And having taken us all in the singer (whose movements were alarmingly Daltrey at times) simply stalked off and away. An abrupt but perfect end. It took away 'Entertainment' and gave us atmosphere of a portable kind. A 12 inch from this mob would be something to live for.

Seventh Seance have followed on from many of the better bands and haven't got their intuitive grasp of kinetics right yet. They're too obvious and too disciplined. The sound isn't born inside and then coaxed (and finally poured out) it's LEGO land for Gothic fans.

They have it in them to change and I'm certainly not condemning them but the audience response (nil) was right. They're going to learn I suspect. **DR SYN**

(NEXT ISSUE . . . Xmal, DMS, Vibrators, Bod . . .)

KODAK SAFETY FILM 5063

KODAK SAFETY FILM 5063



X-MAL DEUTSCHLAND

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ADAM: *who's that next to me?*



Do you remember me, Adam?

...ics by Johnny Waller

THE PAST LIFE OF ADAM

**A pantomime on the
ex-punk Adam Ant
by Dr Syn**

IT WAS a cold, wet, decidedly bleak day when Adam Ant was welcomed with the news that his latest modern pop song, 'Friend Or Foe' had climbed still higher in the national charts. Allowing himself a mild congratulatory celebration of two pots of tea he had snuggled down to be in his wynciette nightshirt and in a trice drifted off to sleep.

At about 10 minutes past midnight a sudden chill in his room caused him to awaken sharply and he became aware of the strange sounds coming from the corner of his cosy bedchamber.

Squeak, eeeeeerrrrrrkkkkk, swwwissshhh, squeak, snap, whoooossshhh . . . (and so it went on).

Never one to turn away from fearful subjects he switched on the light and there in the corner stood a most unlikely figure, dressed entirely in leather, latex and surgical rubber. A most imposing sight.

"What do you want?" piped Adam as the hairs on his neck did a little waltz in their fearful surprise at this unearthly apparition.

"Mmmbblluurrrghhppphh," said the creature walking slowly towards Adam.

The creature unzipped its leather Cambridge Rapist Mask and spoke in clear dulcet tones. " 'Tis I Adam, the ghost of Adam Past!"

Adam choked back his deep dread of all things spooky and looked hard at the figure before him. Leather buckled belt, black bondage kilt, gold painted face, slicked back hair sticking out the back of the ghastly mask, bondage straps impinging natural walking and a latex vest. It certainly looked familiar. If only he could remember where he'd seen it before.

"I'm you! Have you forgotten where you came from Adam? Is it really *that* hard to recall? I am your past and what is more I'm taking you on a little journey of nostalgia."
"Over my dead body."

"If you so wish," the ghost muttered in a tired voice, and Adam changed his tune.

"Yes, it's you Adam, even though it has previous little to do with your current

status. In case you need conclusive proof see if this place rings a bell."

They passed through Notre Dame. It was but a red herring, but at least our ghost had a sense of humour. Eventually the couple alighted inside the interior of a small bar within the ICA arts building cafeteria. A band were grinding through a dirge like number of fascinatingly addictive proportions. It was The Ants and the audience were disgusted. Expecting a country and western band they were highly indignant at the antics of this maniac in leather and rubber prancing around before them.

Adam did indeed recall the scene and smirked quietly to himself, but his ghost had noticed.

"It's all coming back to you. I see." And on they went.

Adam barely saw the punk poet John Dowie dragging them off to complete their debut proper in another part of the complex and he went back further in time watching his previous spoof country and western band, Bazooka Joe, and the sighting at one of their gigs of The Sex Pistols, the band that was to change Adam's life forever.

There were images of Adam forming the early Ants and there were scenes of wildly exotic performances where Adam dived into the crowd and gave as good as he got when the trouble flared. It was a scene of mutual physical excitement and the barriers were broken well and truly between band and performer. A naughty word carved on his back.

"Remember that Adam?", the ghost asked as the next image involved a typical gig setting. Gathered in and around a concert hall there lounged a proud bunch of punks, totally different to their contemporaries, pleased to be part of the 'Sex People' clan that Adam had invented. It was a warrior band, to end all bands.

"Look at those faces Adam, how many can you name?"

It being so far away in his mind he failed to recognise early drummer Paul Flanagan, guitarists 'The Kid' and Johnny Bivouac, but he easily picked out Dave Barbarossa, Andy Warren, Matthew Ashman and Jordan. The faces flashed by with energy crackling around them. And then it changed. Adam found the ghost slowing down and moving as though hampered by quicksand. There in front of them were some more faces.

"I know them," Adam garbled enthusiastically, and he listed them. "Marco, Merrick, Terry Lee, Kevin Mooney, Garry Tibbs."

Strains of commercial pop boomed around them and Adam squirmed rhythmically in the arms of his guide who appeared to be asleep. As 'Prince

Adam's head dropped in shame as he heard the entire back catalogue whirling by. 'Bathroom Function', 'B-Side', 'Hamptstead', 'Ruth Ellis', 'Beat My Guest', 'Juanito The BANDITO' and 'Christian Dior' to name but seven, and immediately followed by some of his modern B-side attempts to live up to his past that failed miserably.

The scene changed to the concert hall once more. Adam could now see himself dancing on the stage and his fans welled beneath him, a colourful whirlpool of humanity, wildly loyal in their appreciation. The names 'Parisians tour' 'Zerex tour', 'Ants Invasion tour' and 'Frontier tour' floated by and there were crowds of excited folk dancing themselves into the ground, battling skinheads all the while.

Such drab ideas as 'Ants Revue' also came up, accompanied by the sight of countless thousands of punks cleaning their jackets with spirit, removing the name ANTS from their second skin.

Disillusioned fans were suddenly before Adam's face. He choked but refused to be bowed for along the line he knew he would find lots of little schoolgirls screaming his name. Albeit briefly.

"Look at those faces Adam, how many can you name?"

One moment they screamed 'Adam', but the next it appeared to be 'Haircut 100' and 'Shakey', in fact whoever was popular at the time.

The ghost jostled Adam uncomfortably and said 'You know you did wrong don't you?' And he dropped Adam several times and then caught him again to avoid unnecessary anguish.

Adam shook his head and cried softly.

The ghost pointed to the strangely defensive lyrics that have been on every Ant single since his pop period, easily winning the case. For if one has no guilt feelings why does one have to justify one's ideals and thoughts?

Carrying his guilty burden along the ways he grinned in an evil manner and said "We return Adam, we return."

The surroundings became familiar once more and Adam realised he was back home. He looked in the gold plated mirror by his bed to see the Adam Present. He was still happy with the current state of affairs. The ghost of Adam past was busily mooching around heaving vast piles of old Ants clippings from 'fanzines' into the air and the old stage apparel that owed nothing to showbiz but everything to vitality and excitement. Letters from old fans were stacked in one corner and old T-shirts (Surgery and Catholic Dya in short supply).

Using sparkling letaset the ghost of Adam past wrote such things as 'Jubilee', upon the bedroom wall, accompanied by 'Deutscher Girls', 'Kick' (with the original lyrics) and the Juanito words that were too shocking to be printed here.

"If only the youngsters that follow you today, and their parents, knew what you used to be like, eh Adam?"

"Yeah, I'm pretty relieved myself!"

"You used to be artistic. You mentioned taboo subjects and dealt with themes other than yourself and your own marvellous qualities. You engendered true loyalty amongst your followers. You were the real contender. What happened to it all Adam?"

"I fancied a bit of cash. Nothing wrong with that!"

The ghost screamed with the futility of it all and vanished leaving only the smell of sweaty dressing rooms behind him. Adam breathed a sign of relief and turned out the light. Discussing the past achieves nothing.

He knew he'd have trouble sleeping and he flicked the switch once more and looked over at the fanzines. Wasn't that a part of his life that was gone forever. He realised that he had meant something to the fans then. Really meant something. He wasn't just the catalyst for a million damp knickers. He had been respected rather than idolised. But he had lusted for success on a national level. He fell foul of greed. And now there was nothing he could do about it.

He aimed a vicious kick at the 30 Ants bootleg cassettes that laid near the bed and went over to stroke the cover of his 'Prince Charming' album.

Impartial observers often harkened back to his past when the crowd followed his activities avidly and the fanzines gave him the coverage that he couldn't get in the pop papers. He didn't seem to miss these days even though the bond between him and his fans seemed so special. Adam would dismiss such ideas as naive and that being a cult performer just equalled being a failure.

As he began to drift off once more to sleep he was disturbed by another sound in the corner of the room. When he looked up there was a puffy figure clad in lurex trousers, encrusted in diamonds, singing badly over the sounds of mass chatter and the popping of cheap champagne bottles. The smell of chicken in a basket filled the air with pungent unacceptability as the figure smiled weakly through badly made up features and made a cheap joke, before announcing a medley of Ant hits.

"What the hell are you?" screamed Adam.

"I am the ghost of Adam future."

"Leave me alone. For Christ's sake leave me ALONE."

FANZINES

DR SYN takes a regular look at the fanzines that are available

FOIST THINGS foist. If you want to buy any of these fanzines, if you can't get them locally, then who not follow the sage advice offered by the Rough Trade crew when I was last in there shelling out for my latest delights? Write to them (including a s.a.e.) and they'll send you back a list of what they've got. Similarly if you've got a fanzine yourself phone them up or take some in. Let's get fanzines established once more. For all the ignorance of the established papers towards fanzines they are the only alternative and in the right hands offer the chance to do more than any paper ever can in the terms of solidified characterised content (but more of that in future issues).

Right, into the affray and first stop **PANACHE**, that most glorious of beasts. The longest running fanzine there is, passing its sixth year with issue 23. A riotous assembly, and the biggest yet at 46 pages, including an article by Abbo on the last European tour that Decay ever did (and what vile antics they did get up to), essential for any self respecting Decay fan with a wistful brain full of memories. An enormous Iggy interview where the old crooner's marbles finally seem to have deserted him for good after a few years of a traditional existence. Reviews a plenty, a piss take cartoon about 'the Tube' drawn by contributor Kim Igoe who has just left Action Pact (he of the outstanding lyrical achievements) and so much more that I haven't sufficient room to list it all. Only 30p.

Next a magical mag called **URBAN**



ROYALTY. Issue 4 with an excellent selection of interviews and articles, featuring The Stranglers, Ritual, Malice, Martyr, Fits, Charlie Harper, Hagar, The Committee, Twisted Nerve, On Parole... (and more)... with visually strong layouts, a varied approach and a sense of humour. **GREAT VALUE**. 20p.

FINAL CURTAIN is a tiny little thing and all the more amazing for it. Where most fanzines that cover anarcho bands or Oi bands do small six question snippets all in the same way FC have covered so many bands (Amebix, Tears of Destruction, Solvent Abuse, Major Accident, Icons of Filth, Legalised Slaughter, War Whores... the list goes on and on) they have good visuals and through this attractive presentation you can't get bored. It's an acquired field in many ways but if those bands interest you then this is the one. Only 15p as well.

Which is 15p more than **STATE** (Issue 5). Free no less and visual chaos of a structured type that I love. Great articles on The Wall and Danse Society with articles on Twisted Nerve, Legal Boris (what!!!) and A Pack Of Lies are informative but not as good. But who'd be a sod and complain? It is excellent reading and there's interviews stashed away here and there too. Available from Paul, 4 Newlyn House, 1 Benhill Wood Road, Sutton, Surrey.

Also highly recommended are the following

BLIND ATTACK. Issue 1. 20p.

(Destructors/Newtown Neurotics/Death In June/The Membranes/Actified/Omega Tribe/Icons of Filth/New Model Army and Fatal Conflict).

ACTS OF DEFIANCE. Issue 5. 25p. (Rubella Ballet/The Meteors/Potential Threat/Side Effects/Napalm Death/Glue Sniffing/Reviews galore...).

APOCALYPSE. Issue 2. 30p. (Barbed Wire/Rudimentary Peni/Fear of Falling/Reviews/Religious Overdose/Dead or Alive/Adventures In Colour/Axis/Death Pop/The Cleaners From Venus!!!).

VERBAL ABUSE. Issue 7. 25p(?). (Massed pages of thoughts, beliefs and bands. You know what I mean when I say 'beliefs'. It's not an area to be denigrated although some fanzines inject so small a dose of passion into their arguments that it's BORING to read.) Things like this should NEVER be boring. Bands featured include Lunatic Fringe/Kronstadt Uprising/Cult Maniax/The Mob/The Condemned/The Xpoez/No Respect...).

"DAWN IN THE CRANIAL CAFE". 7p. A story of sorts by Annie Anxiety Guevara. Short and full of sharp words. Physical writing.

OBNOXIOUS. No Number. 15p. The most bracing of zines at times with its wide open spaces and short sharp comments. This one has Twisted Nerve/Crosstalk A/V (both these bands vying for the most featured bands, after Religious Overdose and the Membranes, in fanzines today), Deprived and Action Pact.

RETURN OF THE NAIVE. Issue 2. 25p. From Fay Wray, Flat 6, 11 Cross St, Chesterfield, Derbyshire. I bought two different versions at a Danse Society gig, one being national and one being localised around the Sheffield area. This issue here has a great piece on new Model Army. Things about local centres (the Leadmill and Sheffield's Peace Centre), Xpoez and, you've guessed it, Religious Overdose and Crosstalk A/V. Next issue Twisted Nerve? This is one of the very best mags. Poetry too, so be warned (he said in the hope of consternation).

BUY AS MANY AS YOU CAN. THEY'RE ALL BRILLIANT.



If you want your fanzine reviewed send it to:
Fanzines, Punk Lives,
50 Eagle Wharf Road, London N1.

THE SPIKEYES'

RICHARD KICK

**listens to the
ideas of
Brigandage**

RIGHT, NOW . . . in case any of you punkers hadn't noticed there's a new outburst of energy exploding all over the country at the moment. It's being called many things but basically it's just P.U.N.K. as it should be, that is PUNK based on ideals and aspirations such as individuality, creativity and rebellion, taking in by-products like colour, imagination and optimism along the way. There's a new collective feeling of movement and change that's being promoted by various bands, one of which are Brigandage.

Ah, it takes a thief to catch a thief and as far as spikeyness goes this band are the tops. Come to any of their gigs, or events, and you can join in on their antics; you can see them whirl, crash and kick. You can participate as they take the cheeky Sex Pistols' rock'n' situationism robbery scramble and turn it into a fiery affirmation of 1983.

Yes, Michelle (vocals), Mick (guitar), Ben (drums), and Scott (bass) know all about the art of stealing, they've got a song called just that and when you mention it Michelle's excitement level rises a couple of hundred notches, "You can't be kept down in the gutter. You've got to change your life, you've got to do it for yourself and you can't expect anyone to do it for you."

To be sure, anyone who has been brought up on a consistent diet of 'Anarchy In The UK' as young Michelle has, would say the same thing. But, would the Brigands actually class themselves as an anarcho band? The effervescent, blue haired chanteusse explains all: "We see ourselves as a link between the hardcore anarchists and the Sex Gang Children bands. We're more political than the latter and more aesthetic than the former — we are a synthesis of the two."

Aesthetic indeed, provocative as well judging from the looks of the customers in the West End cafe where we are esconced. Brigandage are crazy — spikey — colour — chaos a-go-go. But where the anachos shout and grumble and the oi-sters bawl and brawl, this lot whisper and seduce, but hard!

"Well, there's no point in talking about anarchy as a social cause if you can't relate it to everyday life. Peoples' attitudes to each other are so disgusting that they'll never be able to destroy society as long as



BRIGANDAGE: left to right, Mick, Scott and Michelle

PUNK GANG IN TOWN



they go around destroying each other. On the surface, half our songs appear to be love songs but until the battle 'tween girls and boys is stopped, until the battle in bed is stopped how can you go out fighting wider political issues? The personal is the political.

This stance is well documented throughout the group's set with numbers like the awesomely shattering 'Tears Of Glass' and the subtler 'Fragile' which take the emotions on a zig-zagging trip amongst the hearts' ruin and back again.

Yes, here is love, here is hate and here is also all the prickly fare that comes inbetween. Punk has wallowed for so long in pure anger that finally hate, desperation and a resulting sense of defeat was all that could be expressed. Groups like The Exploited, Anti-Nowhere League et al adopted this footing and took to the stage where what they are doing can no longer be called punk. Their dull, despondent, and emotionally, socially and intellectually lazy stance is everything that punk set out to leave behind.

"They're all in the gutter" states Ben referring to the aforementioned ilk, "and they want to drag their fans down there as well. You can sum up their attitude in five words — we don't give a shit — they take pride in not caring about anything, not even themselves."

Brigandage are different.

"Punk to us is about being proud, proud of your appearance, proud of your life. We're an alternative to the other bands because we're not stereotyped punk rockers, we aren't covered by studs and we don't clench our fists at everything either. We are arrogant whereas they are aggressive.

"The Exploited etc are no threat. Watching them on Top Of The Pops is like watching Dick Emery and that's the only reason why they're allowed on it. We used to get so upset watching what punk was turning into that we thought 'right we've got to do something'."

And 'something' they indeed have done. Apart from providing the world with searing, Pistolian, heart-activating music they've also formed a unit that stands for passion and hope. They've created a punk band.

Brigandage are confident.

"We know what we want and we know where we're going and that's what other people should be aiming at. The atmosphere will get more optimistic which will generate more optimism, it's all self fulfilling."

Brigandage look ahead.

"We've got this dream of getting a warehouse where we can live and have a club on Saturday nights — there'll be equipment and bands will play live. We want to get a printing press there so that other bands and fanzines can use it. Also some screen printing stuff so if people want to make posters or clothes then they can. We're gonna try and do it."

They mean it and I believe that one day they'll succeed.

As we leave the cafe, Michelle pulls me aside, "Y'know, we're the only group left who call ourselves punk rockers."

Simply the spikeyest gang in town.

Graffiti

Send your letters, abuse, reviews, news, etc to Graffiti, Punk Lives, 50 Eagle Wharf Road, London N1.



THE MAG'S great, I'd like to see an interview with GBH in the near future, with some recent pic's of Col. I thought you might like to print this picture. I found out that he was married but still wouldn't say no to a semi nude pic.

AT LAST, a magazine that knows what it's on about and isn't trying to rip us off. (It is a bit expensive though).

This letter is calling all Punk bands, GBH, Discharge etc. Believe it or not there is a

small city called Edinburgh where there is a big punk audience welcoming any good gigs. Why not come up?

Anything on SLF in the magazine would be appreciated. **Sidrus, Edinburgh.** I RECKON Punk Lives is the best mag since Mark Perry's 'Sniffin Glue' fanzine way back when punk started.

I've got a few pieces of advice which I hope you will find helpful.

(1) Please print a punk gig guide to make sure as many people as possible actually know who to go and see and where and when the gig is. (2) Avoid featuring letters where readers slag off other punk bands (last issue a reader said Theatre Of Hate weren't really punk and avoid featuring bands like Crass).

If letters like this continue the whole point of Punk Lives is shattered. I mean, if you've got punks slagging off other punk bands readers like, you repeat a recent 'battle' of the 'Sounds' letters page where you've got Special Duties having a go at

Crass and Crass fans having a go at Special Duties.

Right, helpful advice time over.

I'll carry on buying Punk Lives forever!

Also please, please feature the mighty Lurkers, cos if you don't people will forget 'em. I'd like to see features of old bands like 999, Penetration, The Adverts, Buzzcocks, Damned and newer bands like the excellent Wall, Abrasive Wheels, Defects, Dirt, Discharge, GBH, and bands like The Destructor's and The Disrupters because they deserve more coverage. Pictures, reviews, anything would do.

One last thing, if you don't have an interview with Chelsea in the near future you need your heads seeing to! (This is constructive criticism and should not be taken too seriously otherwise you'd never print my letter). Cheers then. **Johnny The Atomic Punk, Southampton, Hants, SO3 7BT.**

IT'S ABOUT time there was something for us punks to read about our favourite bands. The nearest thing we had to a punk mag was 'Noise' which had bits and bobs about punk until it went to Record Mirror, which is shit anyway, there's nothing about punk in it now. Punk Lives is what we want to keep us up to date on what's going on in the punk world, so keep the good work going. You said send in for ideas for your mag. Well I've one, why don't you have a page or two on a record or LP request of our choice, have more bands such as the Violators, Attak, Partisans, GBH, Sid R.I.P. **Brent 'The Punk' Royton.**

JUST LIKE to say thanks for a great mag, cos it's about time punk, herberts and skinheads had something to read. I'm a herbert and I would just like to take this opportunity to let all the punks and skinheads know that it is about time they stopped giving us herberts funny looks when we go to gigs.

I would like to see more of the Angelic Upstarts, 4-Skins (old and new), Infa Riot, Test Tube Babies, Sham, Rejects, Anti-Pasti, Abrasive Wheels, Mania, Mau Maus, Special Duties, Blitz, Violaters, Sub Humans, Flux Of Pink Indians, Conflict and especially the Damned (A history from '76-'83 with special photos and a flexi EP). Could we have some X-Ray Spex and Chelsea as well.

How about having a fan club and information service on bands on a certain page. **Glen W. Halfman, Southall, Middlesex UB2 5RZ.**

THANK GOD No. 3 came out! I thought I'd never see Punk Lives again. Anyway, I'll get to the point, please could you put more articles in about the Anti-Nowhere League,



No nude pics of GBH but it looks as though they might try

Exploited, GBH, Vice Squad and Public Disgrace. If you could also print the words of the song 'Toxteth' by Public Disgrace in your brill, fab, fantastic, great mag.

Russ, Blackburn, Lancashire, BB2 3LA. FIRST OFF ta for a really great mag, I hope you keep it going.

It would be really amazing if you could do a discography on Slaughter/Slaughter And The Dogs, who along with the Pistols are the best punk band to hit the music scene.

I have eight singles (7 inches), one 12 inch EP and three LPs, ('Dog Style', 'Live At Factory', and 'Live At Belle-Vue, Manchester'). Also how about some old photos of them in your mag.

Keep up the good work, I would like to see more, Pistols, Slaughter and The Dogs, SLF, Sham 69, 999, Vice Squad, Siouxsie, and the Exploited. Forget the crap such as Killing Joke, Crass, Poison Girls etc. they aren't even worth a mention in your mag.

Exy (Chester Punk).

I'M SORRY but I'm afraid that you are wrong, not all of us think Punk Lives is great. I for one think it is pretty dismal. For starters the price is too high. OK, so you give us high quality glossy paper and brill colour poster pics, just like Smash Hits. Those pics are a waste of space and an insult to punk's anti-popstar treatment mentality.

I want interesting reading, not posters of punks like the Damned. Personally I'd prefer Punk Lives to be in a newspaper style format like Sounds etc. and to sell for around 35p. You could give punks a cheaper and better value paper in the format. I suggest you put this to your readership to see what the reaction is. After all, it is our mag, isn't it?

Secondly, I'd like to question the sincerity of certain bands that you cover. I mean bands such as GBH, ANWL and the Exploited in particular. Why waste space on these plastic punks. They may fool the punks who think that punk's about jumping up and down, spiky hair and bondage trousers but they don't fool the real punks. If you want bands with soul, passion and power then I suggest decent caring bands such as Flux, Crass and Conflict, bands who don't promote violence, sexism and apathy. I realise that many punks like GBH, ANWL etc. have to be covered, but many punks accept these bands at face value and never try to suss out the real punks from the plastics.

I hope you give plenty of coverage to bands such as Sex Gang Children and Southern Death Cult, as these bands represent the real punk ideals — originality, individuality, variety, dedication and an unwillingness to conform. A lot of punks don't give these bands a chance because they sound different, but isn't that what punk's about, being different. Too many punks today just conform to the traditional punk sound and image and unfortunately your mag encourages this attitude. Which brings me to my final point concerning fashion. I hope you don't take the advice of one so called punk who said you should advertise T-shirts and bondage gear. Don't they realise that that is the way punk is turned into just another consumer product to be bought, sold, labelled and rendered worthless by the system. I end with a sensible quote from Flux, "Punk belongs to the punks, not the businessmen, they need us, we don't need them, punk will never be

dead, as long as some of us refuse to be led" (nuff said). **Dave Needham, Reddish, Stockport.**

I'M WRITING to ask you if you could advertise and perhaps provide a mail order system for music books by punk bands featuring their music for guitar playing etc.

I find it very hard to get the one I want, so if you could oblige I'm sure many other punks would be grateful. **Steve Down, Loughborough, Leics. LE11 0TL.**

HAVING RECENTLY bought your mag I am finding myself agreeing with the sentiments of some of the other correspondence regarding it. I reckon it's the best bit of reading material going. It comes as a great comfort as I live in a house with five other youngsters who reckon punk is shit. They are a real bunch of closets. Your mag is proving otherwise. **Paul Nuth, Newport, Gwent.**

WHAT A brilliant mag! I've been waiting for a mag like this since I've been punk. I really do like your interviews, especially the one with Discharge. Try to include more of the bands like Crass, GBH, Sisters Of Mercy, Bauhaus, Blitz, etc. and try and get in a few interviews with The Defects and GBH. I hope to be forming a band with a few of my mates soon and I will send a pic of us as soon as we get going. **David Mitchell, Crosskeys, Gwent, S.Wales.**

I'M WRITING to Punk Lives to say how good and colourful your mag is, with new and old groups in it. Do us a favour though if you're going to print a pic of a group who have now sold out like the Clash or Damned etc., don't print anything with smoothie gear on, let us remember them the way they were at their best. Also how about a colour pic of Eater, Slaughter And The Dogs, Crisis or any old pics of the Outcasts. I bet you don't even look at this letter, and if there is any punk out there who wants to swap or sell old mags with Pistols, Clash fold out poster please write. **Ta. Andy, 8 Albert Place, Robertland, Stewarston, Ayrshire, Scotland.**

SOME IDEAS to improve Punk Lives!!! Stop interviewing bands like Bow Wow Wow, they're not punk!! Give the main features of the magazine to bands like Chron Gen, GBH etc, rather than the Clash, who've moved away from their punk roots. Do a big feature on all the American bands eg. Dead Kennedys, Black Flag, SDC, Flipper, Circle Jerks. Do an extensive feature on Action Pact. Keep record reviews purely punk and have more of them. Feature the Partisans, Chelsea and Chron Gen. Start a free bands and classified section, this would be the most positive move you could make in keeping punk alive. And finally if you've done all these things, add extra pages. **John Collins, Blackburn, Lancs.**

I AM writing to congratulate you on your aptly titled magazine Punk Lives. The features are good and the photos are terrific, especially the colour ones. The article on Peter And The Test Tube Babies was especially good as was the Strummer interview. I have one criticism however and that is the inclusion of Bow Wow Wow in the magazine. They are not punk and never have been, they are merely another exploitation by Malcolm McLaren. In my opinion Mr McLaren is a rat. True he started the world's greatest band, the Pistols, and he was a major driving force behind the early punk movement but was it

not he who deserted the so-called "sinking ship" of punk as soon as it showed the first sign of losing popularity. He obviously believed it was finished for good so he moved off to exploit someone else but he was wrong. This particular ship never sank and never will. Mr McLaren showed no loyalty whatsoever for the movement he had stood up for only a few months previously. He should be hated by all true punks.

On a lighter note I would like to see more articles on the Sex Pistols, Dead Kennedy's and the Exploited, and perhaps some competitions. I wish you the best of luck with your magazine and I hope it is well supported by punks throughout Britain. **Ross Donaghey, Bearsden, Glasgow.** WELL IT'S been a long time coming but it's good to see a music mag dedicated to punk. I enjoyed the Rubella Ballet feature in the third issue, as I think they have real talent. Anyway, let's get to the reason why I am writing to you, it's to tell you about a new band from down here in the West Country. They are the Screaming Dead, after hearing their six track cassette, 'Children Of The Bone Yard Stones', on Recreational tapes, which really impressed me I thought I would go and see them play live as they were playing at a local punk gig with numerous other punk bands and I was not disappointed as they delivered a powerful set in a difficult venue. Yes, The Screaming Dead, is a name to look out for in the future.

Oh, by the way, any Beki Bondage, Siouxsie Sioux type females out there into all punk especially, Banshees, Pistols, Damned, Partisans, SDC, like to write to or better still meet, a fun loving punk for gigs, pubs, etc., write with a photo if possible. **Adrian Gaye, 35 Edward Street, Weston, Bath, BA13BR.**



The Plague

THANKS FOR putting my letter in the 3rd Edition. I'm Mark (Borstal) singer of the Plague (formerly Pulex Irritant's). Here's the picture and info about us. We've been together 14 months had a gig with GBH and had our guitar and speaker smashed up. Played with the Partisans and had a bass guitar smashed by someone in the crowd. The band's we like are Crass, Flux Of Pink Indians, Dead Kennedy's, Conflict, Discharge, Dirt and many more. We played about six gigs all in W-ton. We are anti-war, anti racist, anti system etc. band. The Plague line up, Rat & Borstal — vocals, Tim — drums, Spurio — guitar, and Eagle — bass. We've done three demo tapes so far. Sometimes we like to take the piss in our songs. Thanks a lot. **Borstal, The Plague, Pennfield's, W-ton.**

**Send your letters to: Graffiti, Punk Lives,
50 Eagle Wharf Road, London N1.**

**More Graffiti
over page**

Penpals

18 YEAR old skin girl and punkette into PIL, Siouxsie and The Inflicted want to contact any punks and skins in London area, photo if possible, write to **Carrie & Chad, 12 Holland Street, Heywood, Lancs. OL10 4JZ.**

MALE 15 year old into, Crass, Poison Girls, Flux Of Pink Indians, The Mob, UK Decay, Rudimentary Peni, also into subverting, playing drums, being myself, true anarchy. Dislikes school, conforming, work, pop music, the army, bomb, royal family and religion. Anyone interested with the same tastes and views please write to: **Wayne Sturge, 66 Ashford Drive, Tilgate, Crawley, W. Sussex, RH10 5EY.**

PUNK & skinhead want to write to any absolutely gorgeous hunky men for intellectual long letters about the weather. By the way we're both female. Photos if possible. **Terry & Becky, 14 Grove Street, Heywood, Manchester.**

PUNK (18) would like to write/meet females in or around Norwich. Am into Crass, Pistols, GBH, ANL, Clash and so on. **Colin, 15 Howe Lane, Poringland, Norwich, Norfolk, NR14 7LQ.**

AGE 20, looks normal (!!!) but loves sixties music and early punk. I am interested in romance and fun with a girl/lady/woman, I don't care if you're punk or not, just as long as you're fun. Go on, take a gamble and write to: **John, 19 Biddesden House, Cadogan Street, Chelsea, London, S.W.3.**

MALE PUNK (13) wants to meet/write to a girl punk, is very attractive and luvable. Likes Sid, Sex Pistols, Nu Triv etc. Wants a beautiful punkette (13-15) who lives in

Stockport or Manchester. Please send photo to **40 Bex Hill Road, Stockport.** COUPLE OF insane punx (17 & 19) into GBH, Screaming Dead, Slaughter, Damned and most other punk bands. Want punks/punkettes anywhere into getting drunk, dosing and posing to write/meet. **Sid Crucifix & Dru Guns, 5 Rosemary Lane, Stroat, Nr. Chepstow, Gwent, NP23 7LU.**

TWO ANARCHO punks looking for two punkettes to meet and go to gigs. We're into Crass, Discharge, Flux, Conflict plus more. If interested write to **Joe (18) and Rab (16), 15/1 Bellrock Path, Cranhill, Glasgow.**

I'M A 17 year old punkette who would like to write/meet punks and punkettes in Newcastle & Durham area, for gigs. Into clothes, spikey dyed hair, drinking, GBH, Vice Squad, Damned, The Pack, UK Subs, Siouxsie and stacks more. Photos if possible. **Tina, 34 Elmfield Place, Newton Aycliffe, Co. Durham.**

OLIVE AND Splash (14) would like to hear from any punks and skins (male or female). Into most punk and oi, dislike Clash, SLF and Lords Of The New Church. Send to: **Splash, 93 St. Nicholas Road, Wallingford, Oxon, OX10 8HY. Olive, 16 Wallingford Road, Chelsey, Nr. Wallingford, Oxon, OX10 9IG.**

WE ARE two unattached punkettes aged 16. We're looking for two good looking make punks 16+. We dislike, Mods and posers. We love ANL, Banshees, Dead Kennedys, Blitz, Exploited, GBH, Clash, Test-Tube Babies, TOH, Oi, going to gigs and having a good time. **Dawn and Kerry, 86 Mulberry Way, South Woodford, London, E.18.**

I'M A girl, who's been into punk for about a year now. I like Bauhaus and The Clash. Send your letters and pics if possible to **L. Thomas, 19 Benwich Road, Bynea, Llanelli, Dyfed, S. Wales, SA14 9SS.**

A SKINETTE and a punkette (sisters) would like two skinheads or punks to get in touch with us. We are into Discharge, Clash, all 'Oi' music. Must be aged 17 to 20. **Eunice Tait aged 19 yrs is the skinhead. Marion Tait aged 17 yrs is the punkette. 7 Solway View, Prestonmill, Kirkbean, Dumfries, Scotland, DG2 8AE.**

ANY PUNKETTES aged 16-20+ into Duties, Subs, Dead Wretched and interested in writing, gigs and ice cream. Send letter and pic to: **Chris Long, 11 Bay Hill, Newton, Nr. Berkeley, Glos, GL13 9NT.**

I'M WRITING with hope to get some 13-15 yr old punkettes (penpals or more!!) I don't mind what you are into, as long as you are punk. I'm into SLF, Buzzcocks, Crass, Pistols etc. Please send photo. **Andy Wilkinson, The Orchard, Repton, Derby.** I WOULD like to hear from any punks around my age (16-20) for writing, gigs, mates etc. I am new to the scene. Into most bands, and other varied interests. All letters answered. **Jon Bates, 149 Leicester Road, Thurston, Leicester, LE7 7JL.**

I AM 15 and like most punk bands especially Siouxsie, Vice Squad, Dead Kennedys and GBH. I like writing songs and would like to be in a punk band one day. Male or female can write so get writing to **Clare Winston, 86 Riggindale Road, Streatham, London, SW16 1QJ.**

AGE 18, would like to write to punkettes, into the Damned, Psychedelic Furs, Lords Of The New Church, U2, Clash, Joy Division and CND. Scribble away and send a pic to: **Howard, 10 Lower Park Green, Silsden, Keighley, W. Yorks, BD20 9QE.** I'M 18, and I'd like to write/meet etc. anyone in Britain, but especially Scotland,

Graffiti

I THOUGHT 'Punk Lives' was supposed to be a Punk magazine, but from issue No. 3 it was becoming more like Noise. How can you seriously put the Damned, The Clash, Annabella and Captain Senseless!! in a punk magazine. In that case why don't you have piss artists like Bucks Fizz and Fun Boy Three? We don't want this crap in 'Punk Lives' or it won't do much longer. We want more Disorder, Cult Mannix, Samples and Outcasts.

I know that Vice Squad and Exploited are brilliant, but do you have to have them in every issue?

Now for letters.

How can anyone, Roger from Surbiton, be into Vice Squad, Anti-Pasti, Crass,

Disorder, Discharge, Blitz, Rejects, Testies, 4-Skins and then say that the Damned are the best 'punk' group out. If the Damned are punk then Discharge are New Romantics.

If Janice Smith (bet that ain't her real name) of Dumfries never knew what GBH, Chron Gen and Discharge looked like before issue one then she must be bullshitting about having been a punk for four years.

All I can say to Raymond Hall of Blaydon-On-Tyne and his 300 year old graffiti is you know where to shove it!

If Paul Robson of the British Nazi party in West Germany wants more Bow Wow Wow then why doesn't he try Smash Hits. **Simon, Clevedon, Nr. Bristol.**

I WAS reading the third edition of 'Punk Lives' and I thought it was quite good. I don't like Discharge, in fact I think they are crap, but I enjoyed reading the interview with them. Also the Peter And The Test Tube write up was good and so were the pics of the groups. I would like to see

interviews of ANWL as they are my favourite group and have just written to them for information. Even as I write this I am listening to them live. Also more on Exploited and groups like Partisans, Infa-Riot, Vice Squad and more. **Noel, Groomsport, Northern Ireland.**

GREAT MAG and all that rubbish, but there's just one thing you seem to have overlooked eg. some of the older punks of the fifties and sixties ie. Elvis Presley, Eddie Cochran and all that lot. And could you put in a section where we can send in advertising records we want to flog, buy or swap, records that you can't buy in the shops no more. **Gaz Pong, Portslade, Sussex, BN4.**

● We've taken a note of everyone's suggestions and hopefully we'll increase different sections in the paper and bring in new ideas as soon as possible. Remember, we can't do everything at once. So keep looking for things like fan clubs, discographies, new bands and different colour pictures.

FREE!

Do you want to write or meet fellow punks? In the next issue of *Punk Lives* we'll devote a section just for you. And it's FREE. Send your name, address and the type of person and music you'd like to match up with to *Punk Lives*, PENPALS, 50 Eagle Wharf Road, London N1 and we'll print as many as we can.

who are really into Bauhaus. Write to: **Liz, 3 Fairspark Terrace, Kinneil, Bo'ness, West Lothian, EH51 0NE, Scotland.** PUNKETTE IN Cumbria wants punk/punkettes to form a group or to meet. Into Chaos, Anarchy, Crass, Exploited, Killing Joke, Dead Kennedys etc. **Tracey Jacques, High Stow Bank, Kirland, Frizington, Cumbria. CA2634A.** BRITISH PUNKS and punkettes. I would like to write to you. I'm 18 years old Finnish punkette. I like GBH, Discharge, Crass, ANWL, Violators, Action Pact, Disorder etc. Write soon as possible. **Jaana Kakkonen, Kalhunkatu 1d9, 37120, Nokia 2, Finland.**

I WOULD like to write to you. I'm 18 years old, Finnish girl. I like Crass, Violators, Discharge, Action Pact, Disorder, etc. Write as soon as possible!! **Ella Civill, Hiidentaival 7, 37120 Nokia 2, Finland.** ENGLISH SKINS! If you agree with me that the 4 Skins and the Last Resort are the best ones, write to me!! **Mark Miekka, Souranderintie 15, 37100 Nokia, Finland.** TWO BORED skinheads 19 & 17 want to write or meet any bored skin girls and punkettes anywhere. We are into most skin bands especially The New 4 Skins, Combat 84 and most punk bands. Likes, drinking Merrydown, gigging and having a laugh. Dislikes, Crass fans and Infa-Riot and Polatic. Anybody writing send photo please. **Chris and Pete, 34 Travellers Lane, Hatfield, Herts. AL10 8SF.**

I AM a fairly good looking male, aged 19 and I love Stiff Little Fingers, The Sex Pistols, especially 'J. Rotton' and Angelic Upstarts. I would like to write or meet female punks. Male punks also welcome. My leather jacket is now a big tatty mess, so I was wondering if you could print in your mag that I would like a second hand one. ie one that no-one wants without graffiti on or someone could tell me the name of a shop that I can send for one, stating price. With so many punks out there I'm sure I'll get one soon. **Joe Fothergill, 3 Vart Road, Bishop Auckland, Co. Durham. DL14 6PQ.**

SPIKEY HAired male punk (14 years old, looks quite a bit older, height 5'7 1/2") wants to write/meet attractive punkette. Please enclose photo if possible. Likes most punk bands especially Flux, Crass, Subhumans, The Adicts, Rubella Ballet, A-Heads, Naked, etc. Dislikes groups that have sold out and are just in it for the money. **Simon (Lish) Lister, 32 Hillcrest Avenue, Whitehaven, Cumbria, CA28 6ST.**

I'M AN American punk (age 14) I wish to write to a British punk or punkette (a punkette more preferred) between the ages of (13-16). I believe in Anarchy and favourite bands are Sex Pistols, PIL, Dead Kennedys and Social Distortion. **Scott Ruiz, 8772 Spring St., Orange, California, 92669, United States.**

WE ARE two females (14) and wish to have male or female penpals to write/meet 14/17. Likes: Spear Of Destiny, GBH, Exploited, Disorder, Damned, Sex Pistols and BUAV. Dislikes: Mods, Teds,

'hardlands' and drug pushers. Photo please. Don't have to dress like proper punks. Write to **Donna Redman, 116 White Horse Avenue, Halstead, Essex.** or **Chris Earl, 71 Head Street, Halstead, Essex.**

AGE 11 — Searching for any young punks out there. I like Killing Joke, Dead Kennedys and all early Damned songs. Girl or boy send photo if possible. **Tom Pattison, 1007 High Road, Hull North Humberside, HU4 7PN.**

I'M A punk into most groups such as Vice Squad, Outcasts, ANWL, GBH, Adicts and lots more. I'm 15 and would like male or female punks and skins to write to, my address is **Anne Tyson, 54 Station Road, Trimdon Station, Co. Durham. TS296BS.** HEY, CALLING all pervers and extroverts. We're a gang of four Morecambe weirdoes, aged between 16 and 103. Our likes are Bondage, Pink Dreadlocks and Serious Drinking. Dislikes are tripe, flares and stiffs. We're into the Sex Pistols, Cilla Black, Discharge, Harry Secombe and Positive Action, not forgetting Maxaphone Locando Delle Farte. We would like to hear from you if you're either male or female, aged between 16 and 97. Please no communists or fascists. So write to us enclosing a photo. **Trotsky, Lenin, Stalin and Mussolini, 32 Foxfield Avenue, Westgate, Morecambe, Lancs. LA44SS.**

AGE 15 (male) like groups like Bauhaus, Theatre Of Hate, Vice Squad, UK Decay, ANWL, PIL, Sex Gang Children, The Cure, Lords Of The New Church and Wasted Youth. Like having a good time. Major like Anarchy. **Nicky Southern, 14 Oak Tree Park, Glenholt, Plymouth, Devon, PL6 753.**

TWO PUNKETTES (15) looking for punks/punkettes/Oisters, to exchange points of view in Wales if possible. Likes, enjoying ourselves, punk music, Oi, Anarchy, gigging and lots more. Dislikes, Mods, New Romantics, laws, NF, fascists, the government, drugs, mindless violence, glue, war, nuclear bombs. Any age, colour of hair not important. If interested contact **R. Thomas, 190 Dumfries Street, Treherbert, Rhondda, Mid-Glam, S.Wales, CF425PN.** NAME: RAYMOND Smith. Age: 17 years old (18 in July). Address: **Flat 4/193, Derby Street, Penrith 2750, N.S.W. Australia.** Pen Pal: Any punk from the UK. (Anywhere and everywhere)!!! Likes: Blitz, Fits, Flux, Buzzcocks, Damned, Dirt, and Discharge. Dislikes: War, the system, Crass.

I AM aged 15 and would like to write and meet a punkette to go to gigs with. I would like her to send a photo if possible and to be about 14 or 15. I like ANWL the best and I like Oi! as well. I would like her to be nice looking and to meet and have fun. I hate animal vivisection, religion, laws, government, fascists and I like messing about and sometimes writing on walls and of course girls (can't forget that). **Noel, 28 The Brae, Groomsport, Northern Ireland.**

YOUR OWN PUNK CHART

READERS CHARTS

WE WANT to compile a chart from what you actually enjoy listening too. Rather than having charts made up from sales we want you to send in a list of your five CURRENTLY favourite singles and five albums. Not your ALL-TIME favesokay, but the ones you play the most at the moment. There's only one restriction, and that's keep it to PUNK/PUNK-RELATED stuff (what 'punk-related' means is up to you).

Here's mine SINGLES

1. Love Under Will — Blood & Roses
2. Kangaroo Court — Ritual
3. Funeral Parade — Part 1
4. Moya — Southern Death Cult
5. No Doves Fly Here — The Mob

ALBUMS

1. Let The Tribe Increase — The Mob
2. Earth vs. Shockabilly — Shockabilly
3. Fight Amongst Yourselves — The Carpettes
4. Burning Ambitions: A History Of Punk — Various
5. Stooges 1st — Iggy & the Stooges.

Go there. TONY PUPPY

PUNK lives

EDITOR

ALF MARTIN

(Died in the wool but not dyed grey)

CONTRIBUTORS

DR SYN

(He's got a certain Panache)

TONY PUPPY

(He kills pet puppies)

AL A

(At the centre of anarchy)

RICHARD KICK

(And kick is what he's got)

PHOTOGRAPHERS

ERICA ECHENBERG

TONY MOTTRAM

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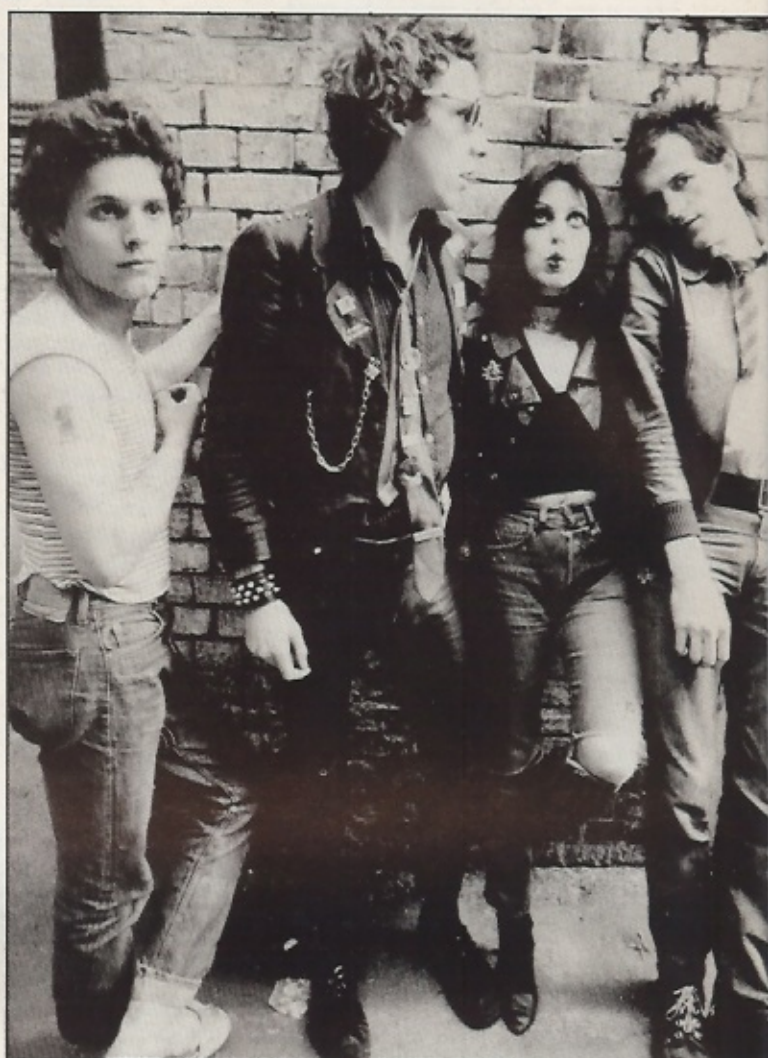
Send a picture and we'll use that as well!

OUR BACK PAGES

A PICTORIAL LOOK AT EARLY PUNK



Two punks at London's Roxy in 1977



The Adverts in 1977 supporting The Damned at the Cambridge Corn Exchange

PICTURES BY ERICA ECHENBERG

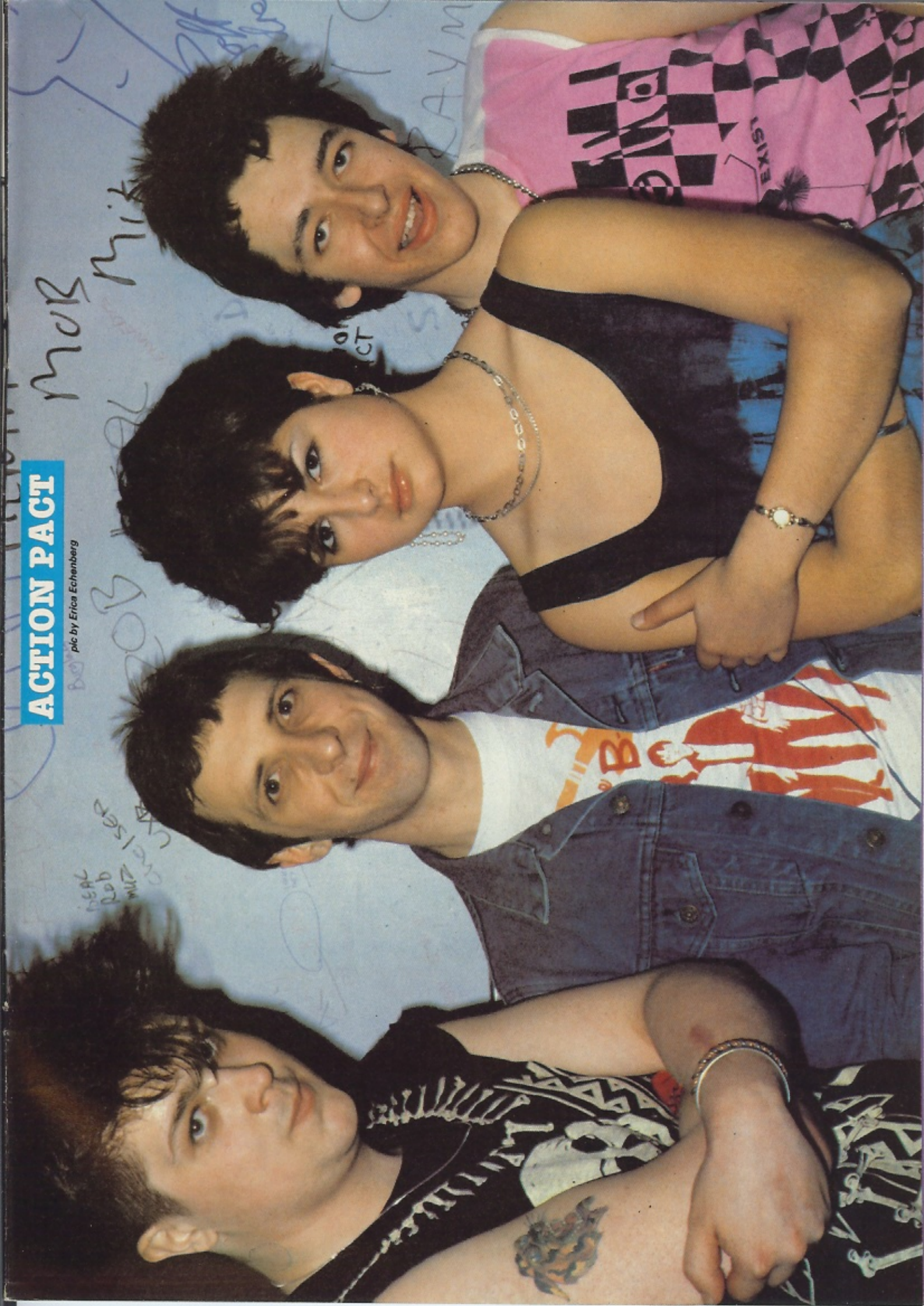
IF YOU HAVE ANY EARLY PICS THAT YOU'D LIKE PRINTED, SEND THEM TO US AT PUNK LIVES, 'OUR BACK PAGES' 50 EAGLE WHARF ROAD, LONDON, N1.

**THE NEXT ISSUE OF
PUNK LIVES WILL BE
ON SALE ON MAY 24.**

ORDER PUNK LIVES TODAY!

ACTION PACT

pic by Erica Echenberg



GYMSLIPS

The Gymslips, as they call themselves, are called Renees and the habits of Renees is excessive alcohol, pie and mash and doing the most disgusting things. Seems alright to us! Renee men are Ronees. So now you know. If you want to contact The Gymslips you should write to the Renee Appreciation Society, 26b Madeira Road, London SW16. The Gymslips have had two singles and one LP out on Abstract Records.



Illustration by Jo Brocklehurst

EMERGING MINOAM BAT-WOMAN BREAK THEIR DOLLS AND PET PUPPIES WITH TENSION ... GLADIATORS, ANTI-WAR WARRIORS AND



BROCKLEHURST
1982

WITH DRAMATIC use of paint, crayon, Tippex and even felt-pen; artist Jo Brocklehurst exploded society's fringes into respected art-galleries with some of the most startling drawings of the eighties.

In her last two exhibitions she concentrated on, as she says, "the vitality of individuals exploring their personal styles and eccentricities." After drawing a couple of punks she saw in her neighbourhood, and being

introduced to their friends, she began to understand their attitudes and beliefs — she realised, "it wasn't just a fashion but a lifestyle for these people."

TONY
PUPPY

HARDENED CYNICAL SAMURAI REFLECTING OUTER SPACE FETISH SIRENS WITH A FLASH OF PURPLE ...

GLITTER-DRUIDS AND BLACK KNIGHTS STILL BELIEVE IN ANARCHY & LOVE ... NOTHING IS TRUE IN THIS CLUTCHING WORLD ...

GIZZARD

PUKE

pic courtesy of the BBC

*Not the real McCoy but even we can laugh at
Kenny Everett's characters like Gizzard and
Sid Snot, who's currently riding high in the
singles chart. But it's all done in the best
possible taste!*

